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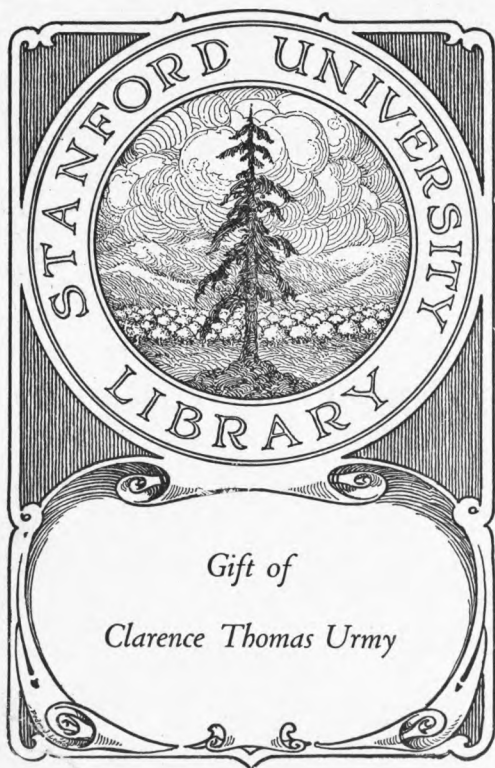
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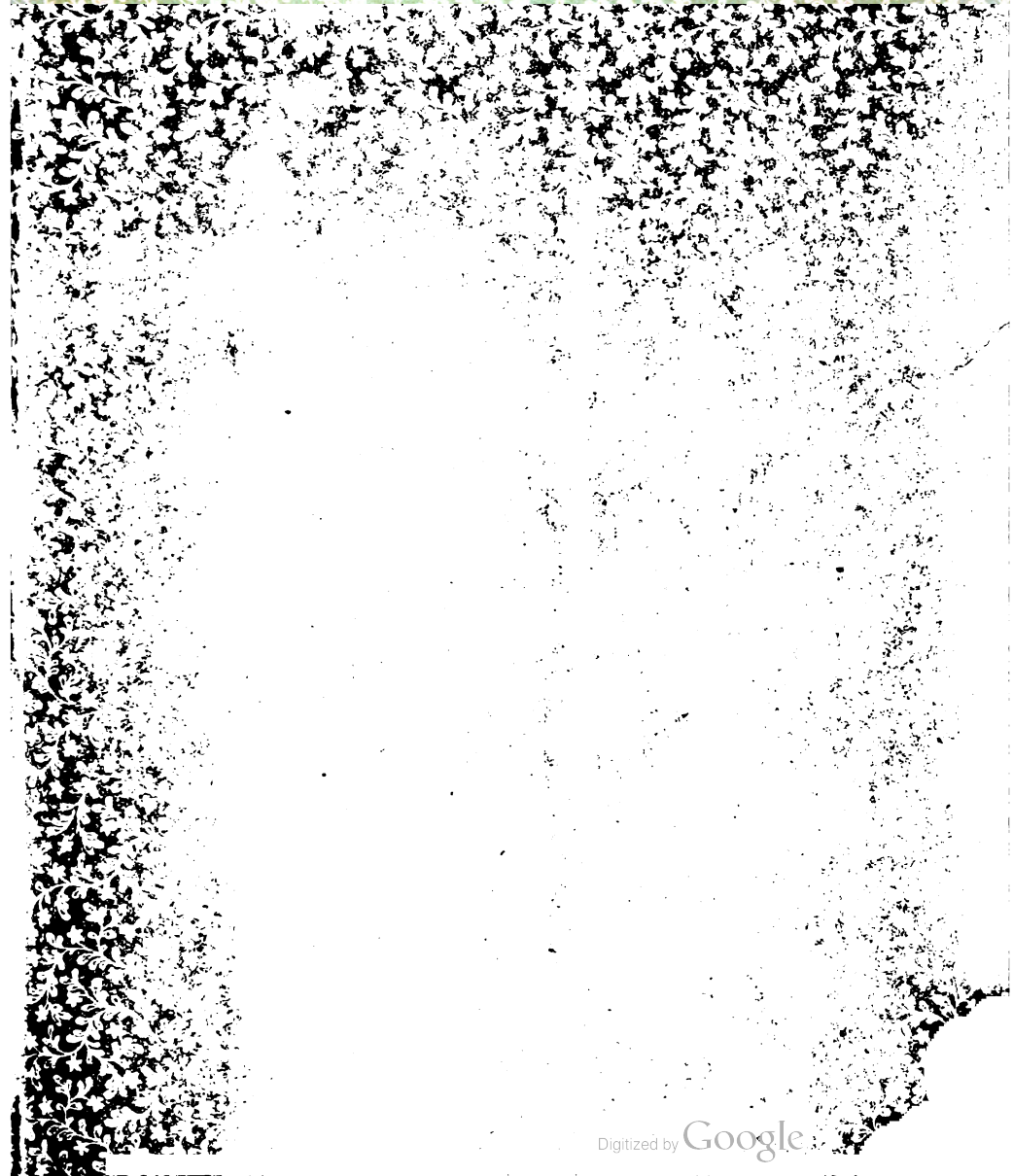
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A chaplet of verse by California Catholic writers

**Denis Oliver
Crowley, Charles
Anthony Doyle**

CLARENCE URMY
SAN JOSE
CALIFORNIA





Carver Army
"Californians"
August - 1917
San Jose

A Chaplet of Verse

BY

CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC WRITERS

Edited by

Rev. D. O. Crowley and Charles Anthony Doyle.



PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE YOUTHS' DIRECTORY.



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L'ENVOI.

O, little book, out on the world,
Like a frail bark upon the sea ;
In storms may all thy sails be furled,
Full spread when south winds follow thee.
May friendly critics, near and far,
Guide thee through seas all tempest hurled ;
With hope for thy true northern star,
Go, little book, out on the world !

AGNES M. MANNING



Introduction.

FOR many of the writers whose productions grace the pages of this volume an *introduction* is scarcely necessary.

There are some, however, less known to the literary world and, if I may judge from their poems, published herein, they are destined to become favorites in the near future.

It is gratifying, indeed, to be able to include in this collection two of the poets whose writings Mr. Bret Harte has selected for his "Outcroppings"—the first book of California Verse. I allude to the pious and gifted lady who contributes the initial poems, and also to Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, whose fame has transcended even the limits of our vast Republic. Misses Harriet M. Skidmore, Agnes M. Manning, Marcella A. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed; R. E. White and the bard with the illustrious name of Daniel O'Connell have already attained to prominent and permanent positions in the Temple of the Muses, and their poems will undoubtedly be read with profit and appreciation.

Nearly all the other writers who appear in these pages have been but recently awakened to a consciousness of power, and their poems are merely the surface croppings of undeveloped genius; a garland of occidental blooms whose fruitage I trust, is destined at no far distant day, to mature and ripen in the sunshine of public favor.

The duties of my sacred calling, and the obligations of my present position have prevented me from devoting the time and attention necessary to the preparation of this little

book. Fortunately in the hour of need Mr. Charles Anthony Doyle came to my relief. This talented and industrious young writer has collected and collocated the poems.

Ex-Governor, Burnett, the venerable octogenarian and distinguished author, at the request of kind friends has consented to write the Preface. His long and illustrious career has been remarkable alike for great ability and integrity, and his name inscribed in this little volume is a guarantee of its success.

In dedicating "*A Chaplet of Verse*" to the Solicitors and Members of St. Joseph's Union, I wish to acknowledge the service rendered by these *devoted workers* to the particular charity in whose interest this volume of verse appears. They will value this recognition, I hope, not as a feeble expression of *my* gratitude, but as a tribute which genius pays to their benevolence and devotion.

I desire to avail myself of the opportunity to thank Messrs. Diepenbrock & Co., who have undertaken the publication of this book entirely at their own risk, and for the sole benefit of this institution.

It is one of the great advantages of a work such as the present, to preserve many fugitive poems of merit that might be lost and forgotten, if left to the files of those newspapers and magazines in which they have appeared from time to time. In book form they will find not only a place on our shelves but also, I hope, a home in our hearts, where they are calculated to produce the salutary effect of prompting us to practice the virtues which they so fittingly extol, while they teach us to love more ardently still the semi-tropical beauty of our Western clime.

D. O. CROWLEY,

Youth's Directory, San Francisco.

Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, 1889.

PREFACE.



THE discovery of gold in California in the month of January, 1848, while the country was in the military possession of the United States, led to a state of things—social, financial and literary—never before witnessed in the world; and which it is safe to predict will never occur again. There being no prohibitory legislation, the mines were thrown open to all the world upon equal terms. This privilege, the richness of the mines themselves, and the ease and quick success with which they were at first worked, caused the sudden assemblage of great numbers of *young men* from every part of the civilized world. With very rare exceptions, they came simply as eager seekers of gold, with no intention of remaining permanently in the country, but only first to accumulate, then to return and enjoy. As they came to acquire, not to invest capital in California, they had about an *equal* start, as every sane and healthy adult could readily find employment at a remunerative compensation. In those early days the whole community substantially lived under the theory of an equal and ample division of property.

One of the marked incidents accompanying the early golden days of California, was the almost entire suspension of the literary ability, and especially of the poetic talent of our people. A glance over the files of the papers published in California previous to 1856, will show, I think, how few and brief were the local poetic productions of the time. While I was in the mines in the months of November and December, 1848, "I became acquainted with John C. McPherson, a young genial spirit from old Scotland. He

was a generous soul and cared little for wealth. On Christmas Eve he composed a very pretty song, beginning 'Yuba, dear Yuba.' * * * No one then in the mines except McPherson had poetic fire enough in his soul to write a song."

But the great Pacific Coast is the natural home of the scholar, the novelist and the poet. It lies upon the mildest and grandest ocean in the world, and possesses a scenery and climate unsurpassed. These must, in due course of time, produce writers of the first class. Even at this comparatively early day, many creditable productions have flowed from the pens of our authors.

The following selection of poems is made from the compositions of different local writers, several of whom are natives of California. The main purpose of the publication is to aid that most practical and deserving charity, "The Youths' Directory."

By an Act approved March 25, 1880, the State of California furnishes pecuniary aid to "each and every institution in this State conducted for the support and maintenance of minor orphans, half orphans, or abandoned children," for such orphans, half orphans and abandoned children, not over fourteen years of age, as may be supported and maintained by such institution. The same allowance is made to cities, counties and towns for like services.

While the terms *abandoned children* may be difficult to define with exact certainty, they would hardly include the cases of those children whose parents do all in their power to support and maintain them but are unable to do so from sickness or other misfortune.

The Youths' Directory is not an asylum where "orphans, half orphans and abandoned children" are *continuously* supported and maintained in *one* place until they reach a certain age, but it is a *peculiar* institution *mainly* intended for the protection of a different class of boys; who, while their condition is about as bad as that of "orphans, half orphans and

abandoned children," are not entitled to any aid from the State ; for I am informed upon good authority, that "this institution *does not* now receive, and never has received State aid of any kind," but depended entirely upon private contributions for its support.

The *chief* purpose of this noble society is the protection of homeless boys, whose parents, from sickness or other misfortune, are unable to support and maintain them. Such boys are provided by the Directory with a home and support until they can be placed with good families as apprentices to learn some honest and useful occupation, or until they are otherwise provided for.

As these little and helpless unfortunates are not the authors of their unhappy condition, they are, for that reason, the more deserving of our warmest sympathy and support.

PETER H. BURNETT.





To the Solicitors and Friends
OF
Saint * Joseph's * Union,
Who are working so earnestly in a
NOBLE CAUSE,
This Little Volume is Gratefully Inscribed.



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THE ALAMEDA WILLOWS.

Planted between San Jose and Santa Clara in 1799, by Rev. Father Maginn de Catata;
removed in 1887.



OLD and wrinkled, scarred and gray,
They are falling by the way,
As the mattock's ringing sound
Wakes the mournful silence 'round,
And the axe's gleaming steel
Bids the aged giants reel,
Till their widely outstretched hands
Clutch the roadway's trampled sands,
And their regal brows are pressed
To the valley's sun-kissed breast.

Nursed by Nature's smiles and tears
Through their more than four-score years—
They have towered above the vale,
Waving wide their banners pale,
Calling to their shadows sweet,
To their calm and fair retreat—
Travelers o'er the lonely waste,
Welcome rest in peace to taste.

And what hosts have journeyed here—
Many a gallant Cavalier,
With his gay and gladsome train,
Warrior sons of stately Spain ;
Citizens in quaint attire,

Laughing child, or gray-haired sire ;
 Blushing maid, or matron grave,
 Youth the generous, free and brave.
 Here the bridal train has passed,
 Music echoing on the blast ;
 Shouts and laughter ringing free,
 Jest and song and mirthful glee,
 While the Mission bells sweet chime
 Pealed afar in silvery rhyme.

Here with solemn steps and slow,
 Walked the mourners in their woe,
 With bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes,
 While their bitter, anguished cries,
 Or their pleading voice of prayer,
 Thrilled the fragrance-laden air ;
 And the torches flashed and glowed
 Down the willow shaded road,
 As the Pueblo's mourning bands
 Bore with tender loving hands,
 The first dwellers in the West
 To the Campo Santo's rest.

But what splendor all Divine
 Swept along this winding line,
 When beneath its arches green,
 Hastening to some death-bed scene,
 Sped the Friars robed in gray,
 Angel guarded on their way,
 Bearing to some anguished breast
 The Divine and longed-for Guest—
 The Viaticum whose power
 Strengtheneth with mystic dower,
 Banishing the dread and gloom
 Of the gateways of the tomb.

Here the season's generous hand
 Strewed rich blessings o'er the land,
 And the Indian from the wild,
 'Neath the Mission's shadow smiled,
 Joying in the tender care
 It was their glad lot to share,
 Until Change with tyrant hand,
 Made them orphans in the land—
 Forced them once again to roam,
 Outcasts from their happy home.

Here the pilgrim of the plains
 Checked at last his sun warped wains,
 Turned his footsore cattle free,
 Tented 'neath the willow tree,
 Feasting his contented gaze
 On the valley's golden maze.
 Here he dwelt, his journey o'er,
 Never wooed to wander more,
 Happy that his latest hours
 Found him in this land of flowers.

All the glory of the years,
 All their joys and toils and tears,
 All their laughter and delight,
 Through the season's rapid flight,
 'Neath these sheltering trees have passed ;
 Trees that now to earth are cast,
 Lying all so stark and cold
 On their native valley's mold.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

HAIL holy bell ! angelic lips
 First breathed thy wondrous numbers,
 At fresh'ning dawn thy mellow voice
 Awakes the world from slumbers ;
 My heart exults each morn with thee,
 That one more day I'm given
 To sever earthly shackles free
 And strive for God and heaven.

Aweary of life's endless toil
 When mid day thou art chiming,
 The jangling and discordant strains
 Blend sweetly to thy rhyming ;
 One moment from the noisy world
 Thou bidst each soul to sever,
 And read the hopeful lesson o'er—
 That God is with us ever.

When day is waning to a close
 And beauteous glow of even'
 Has merged its sapphire, gold and rose,
 The valley, hill and heaven ;
 How softly sounds the Angelus
 To tired mortals bending
 With contrite, meek and grateful hearts
 Their orisons ascending.

O blessed bell ! Sweet bell of peace,
 We hail each holy pealing,
 At morning, noon and even' close

Redemption's price revealing ;
E'en as the ages roll along
To man thy peace pledge giving—
The mystic burden of thy song,
That makes our day worth living.

ANNIE WYNNE.



APTOS.



APTOS! What it means to others,
 Others' lips may better say ;
 But for me it shrines the memory
 Of a pure and perfect day ;
 Autumn's first, rare, golden guerdon
 To this Western Land of ours ;

Waysides bright with pale Erigerous,
 Banks with gay Zauschneria flowers,
 With a touch of Summer glory,
 Here and there a gleam of gold,
 Where a rich Eschscholtzia lingering
 Clasps Earth's mantles' dusty fold.

Aptos ! Bridge-spanned silvery streamlets,
 Hillsides draped with ferny sprays,
 Towering plane trees, oak crowned summits,
 Pathways thro' a sylvan maze.
 Grey festoons of Ramalina,
 Garlanding Negundo bowers,
 Glistening stretch of sandy beaches
 Purpled with Abronia flowers
 Billowy, wooded undulations
 Sloping to the foamed fringed sea,
 This, and more of subtle beauty,
 Aptos means, to-day to me.

Aptos ! wealth of sweet wild roses,
 Crimson-fruited urns that hold
 Germs of future bloom and fragrance ;

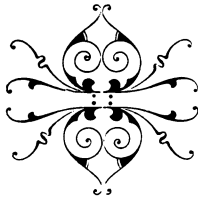
Solidago's rod of gold,
 Cornel leaves, and Rhamnus berries
 Steeped in Autumn's earliest dyes,
 Poison oak the fair, false, treacherous,
 Stealing gleams of sunset skies ;
 Wax like drupes, Symphoricarps snowy
 As the foam bells of the sea,
 Memory chimes that ring forever,
 Aptos means, sweet friends, to me.

Aptos ! Lovers of the lovely,
 In the earth, and sea, and sky,
 Poet souls with rapture lighted,
 Speaking through the kindling eye,
 Grateful spirits drinking deeply
 From the fount that Nature fills
 From the unexhausted beauties
 Of God's everlasting hills ;
 Gentle hearts that brim the chalice
 Of my hours beside the Sea,
 With the purest, sweetest pleasures,
 Aptos means all this to me.

Aptos ! Tender recollections
 Of the absent and the dear,
 Of the loved ones gone before us
 To a "higher, holier sphere ;"
 Thoughts of Earthly Angels gladdening,
 Still our Duty path below,
 Of a sense of incompleteness,
 Even in beauty's brightest glow ;
 Of the soul's immortal longing
 Echoed in the restless sea,—
 Past and Present, Hope blest future,
 Aptos means all these to me.

Aptos ! Charms of earth and ocean,
 Blended in one beauteous psalm,
All the breakers' wild commotion,
 All the greenwoods' holy calm ;
All the creatures' restless heart beats,
 All the great Creator's rest,
All His power in ocean mirrored,
 All His peace on earth impressed,
Murmurs of the leafy woodland,
 Thunders of the surging sea,
Melodies of human kindness,
 Aptos means, and more to me.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.



* AT POINT LOBOS.

A FRAGMENT.

CLEAR noon without obscurity :
 No flake of cloud twixt heaven and me ;
 No mist athwart the Golden Gate :
 The hearty sun doth willfully
 His profuse beams precipitate.

I cling to humped rocks that kneel
 On sea-swept sands, where breakers reel
 In splendid curves, and pile their foam
 In spongy hills that slow congeal,
 And dulse and drift-wood find a home.

Along the silver crescent set
 Beneath the headland parapet,
 The salty winds are blowing free ;
 I note the fitful puffs that fret
 The eternal levels of the sea.

I watch the waves that seem to breathe
 And pant unceasingly beneath
 Their silky coverings : I cringe—
 As flecked with swirls of froth they seethe,
 And whip, and flutter to a fringe.

Brown pipers run upon the sand
 Like shadows. Far out from the land
 Gray gulls slide up against blue ;

One shining spar is sudden manned
By squadrons of their wrecking crew.

My city is beyond the hill ;
I can not hear its voices shrill ;
I little note its gains and greeds :
Here is my song, where waters spill
Their liquid strophés in the reeds.

And to this music, I forswear
Whatever soils the world with care ;
I see the listless waters toss—
I track the swift bark through the air—
I lie with sunlight in the moss.

White caravans of cloud go by
Across the desert of bright sky ;
And burly winds are following
The trailing pilgrims as they fly
Over the grassy hills of spring.

Anon the homely sunburnt heads,
The tumbling hills in browns and reds,
And gray sand hillocks everywhere
Are buried in the mist that sheds
Its subtle snow upon the air.

I hear the dismal bells that shout
Their warning to the ships without.
The dripping sails are reefed and furled ;
The pilots sound and grope about—
The Gate is barred against the world.

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

A headland near the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

A DOWN the slope of western hills,
 The shadows creep apace ;
 Athwart the clouds, the day-god spills
 The glory of his parting grace.
 In bands of burnished gold outspread
 Or robed in radiant white,
 Like spirits rising from the dead,
 They float into the night.
 While halos of the parting rays ;
 Blend gold and blue to palest green,
 And cast a veil of purple haze
 O'er waves of crimson sheen.
 Oh ! toiler ! on your homeward way,
 Pause at this evening hour
 And garner, for the coming day,
 Strength from this heavenly dower.
 For like the clouds, your cares may shine,
 Through God's transforming grace
 Resplendent with a light divine
 In Heaven's eternal space.

MIRA M. MAHONEY



THE BALLAD OF FRAU BERTHA.

One of the most charming of the charming German legends is that of Frau Bertha, or the White Lady.

This mythical personage is always robed in white, and comes in response to the cries of neglected children, to soothe their griefs, and minister tenderly to their wants.



FRAU Bertha ! Frau Bertha ! thou lady so bright,
Afar in the Paradise land :

O, come, in thy mantle of silvery white,
And bring in thy beautiful hand

The loaf that is sweet, of the heavenly wheat,
And the robes that are soft and warm ;

That I, of thy bountiful bread may eat,
May cover my perishing form

With the radiant garments, so thick and soft,
For I'm dying of hunger and cold.

Frau Bertha ! then come to my lone garret loft,
And round me thy arms enfold—

My mother's asleep in the church-yard so grey,
And deaf to my wailing is she—

And my father drinks deep all the night and
the day,

And nobody careth for me.

Frau Bertha she listened—that lady so bright,
Afar in the Paradise land—

And she came in her mantle of silvery white,
And brought in her beautiful hand

The bread that was sweet, and the robes that
were soft,

And she gave of her bountiful store,
 To the destitute child in the lone garret loft,
 And he hungered and thirsted no more.
 Frau Bertha ! Frau Bertha ! thou lady so bright !
 Afar in the Paradise land !
 O, come, in thy mantle of silvery white,
 And soothe with thy motherly hand,
 The fever that burneth my brow and my lip,
 And rendeth my limbs with its pain ;
 O, give me cool draughts of the water to sip
 That I crave and I call for, in vain—
 For my mother hath gone the King's palace fair,
 And cold and unloving is she—
 And my nurse is asleep in her soft easy-chair,
 And nobody careth for me !
 Frau Bertha she listened—that lady so bright—
 Afar in the Paradise land,
 And she came in her mantle of silvery white,
 And soothed with her motherly hand
 The fever that burned on the child's brow and
 lip,
 And rent his young limbs with its pain,
 And she gave him sweet draughts of cool water
 to sip,
 And he thirsted no longer, in vain—
 But a cold mother's heart on the morrow was filled
 With remorse that could never restore
 Life's throb to the heart that forever was stilled,
 That was grieved and neglected no more.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)

THE BIRTH OF THE WATER-LILY.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.



THE sons of the forest, with wild, sweet grace
 Thus told how that beautiful birth took place,
 When the world was young, and the skies were
 bright
 With the first glad smile of the new-born light,
 When Earth in the bloom of a bride was dressed,
 And each clear lake on her broidered vest
 Like a jewel set—was an image true
 (In its changeless calm and its cloudless blue,)—
 Of the radiant Heaven that smiled above
 In rapturous wonder, and joy, and love.
 'Twas long ere the foot of the white man trod,
 The bloom-life out from the fragrant sod.
 Ere the woeful ruin, and blight and death
 Were wrought by the might of his baneful
 breath ;
 Ere the wrathful skies on his work looked down
 Through the thunder's cloud, and the tempest's
 frown,
 And the lakes reflected the angry storm,
That rose at the sight of the spoilers's form.
 When the sweet day slept in the sunset's glow,
 On that blameless eve of "long ago,"
 Then a soft veil hung o'er the meadow flowers,

And the bright stars bloomed in the heavenly
bowers—

To shine while the "Earth's stars" hid their light,
And to spangle the robe of the royal Night.
And as they looked on the tranquil gleams
Of the lakes that smiled in their joyous dreams,
They saw enshrined in the waters far
Full many a shimmering, silver star.
And they said : "Lo ! each is a heaven like ours !
And its breast is bright with our sister flowers."
They beckoned and smiled, from their home
on high,

And the lake-stars quivered in sweet reply
Till the night wore on, and the day arose
To veil their bloom for the day's repose,
And to wake the flowers that have their birth
On the verdant robe of the sunlit Earth.
Then, then, by a sudden, swift, impulse swayed,
A thousand stars from their places swayed,
And downward sank in a silvery rain
To dwell in the home of their sister train.
And lo ! where each in its rapture lay,
On the gleaming shrine of its mirrored ray,
A shining flower its leaves outspread
O'er the tranquil breast of its crystal bed.
And thus, in the dawn of that soft Spring morn,
The lily-stars of the lakes were born.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)



THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.



Y our camp-fires rose a murmur
 At the dawning of the day,
 And the sound of many footsteps
 Spoke the advent of the fray ;
 And as we took our places,
 Few and stern were our words,
 While some were tightening horse-girths,
 And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
 Our footmen to array,
 The willing steed has bounded
 Impatient for the fray,
 The green flag is unfolded,
 While rose the cry of joy ;
 "Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
 This day at Fontenoy !"

We looked upon that banner,
 And the memory arose
 Of our homes and perished kindred,
 Where the Lee or Shannon flows ;
 And we looked upon that banner,
 And we swore to God on high,
 To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
 To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet,
 'Tis a voice from our own land—
 God of battles—God of vengeance,

Guide to-day the patriot's brand ;
 There are stains to wash away,
 There are memories to destroy,
 In the best blood of the Briton
 To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
 In a thousand reeking flanks—
 Down, chivalry of Ireland,
 Down on the British ranks—
 Now shall their serried columns
 Beneath our sabres reel—
 Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse ;
 Through their bosoms with the steel !

With one shout for good King Louis,
 And the fair land of the vine,
 Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,
 We swept upon their line—
 Then rang along the battle-field
 Triumphant our hurrah
 And we smote them down, still cheering
"Erin, slanthagal go braugh." *

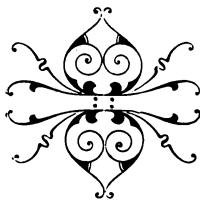
As prized as is the blessing
 From an age'd father's lip—
 As welcome as the haven
 To the tempest driven ship—
 As dear as to the lover
 The smile of gentle maid—
 Is this day of long-sought vengeance
 To the swords of the brigade.

See their scattered forces flying,
 A broken, routed line—
 See England, what brave laurels

For your brow to-day we twine.
 O, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
 The Briton turn to flee
 From the chivalry of Erin,
 And France's "*fleur de lis*."

As we lay beside our camp-fires,
 And the sun had passed away,
 And thought upon our brethren,
 Who had perished in the fray—
 We prayed to God to grant us,
 And then we'd die with joy,
 One day upon our own dear land
 Like this at Fontenoy.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.



* Ireland, the bright toast forever.

BY FIELD AND FLOOD.

I.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THAT slender crag seems reaching unto Heaven
 But yet, in truth scarce touches yonder cloud.
 Oh, Human Pride! How can it be forgiven—
 That clings to Earth and cringes 'neath a shroud,
 Weighting the buoyant soul that would arise
 To the tall, true heights of Paradise.

II.

HEART AND ASPHODEL.

The heart that boasts its stoniness to tell,
 Like the Hesphestion's fabled ocean-rock
 Which braved the roughest, rudest shock,
 Yet trembled at the touch of Asphodel—
 The stoutest, coldest heart I say,
 Will feel its deepest tendrils move—
 Its strength depart, its coldness melt away,
 Before the gentle smiles of love.

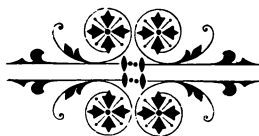
III.

BY THE SEASHORE.

Upon the seashore I one day
 Watched a band of children play

With little boats they gaily sent
Upon the tide which came and went.
I asked a grieving lad who stood
Disconsolate beside the flood,
"Why weep you here un comforted?"
"Because my boats are lost," he said,
"Of those I sent across the sea
Not one has yet returned to me!"

CHARLES ANTHONY DOYLE.



BY THE LAKE



H summer day ! Oh smiling lake !
 Oh, splash of wave ! Oh, pebbly beach !
 The low, sweet words that softly break—
 The thoughts too full for common speech.—

 The round, soft hand that lay within
 The brown, broad palm, that burned and
 clung—
 The heart that strove a heart to win,
 While meadows waved and robins sung.

 The memories of a golden day—
 Of fresh spring flowers, of sun and lake—
 Of all she would, yet could not say,
 Of all I would, yet could not take—

 Are green this autumn, though the trees
 Have lost the bloom they wore and waved,
 Though many an ebb and flow of seas
 The lake's white shores have left and laved.

 The corn then peeped above the sod
 In unripe beauty, fresh and cool ;
 The cautious angler swung his rod.
 Above the purple-shadowed pool.

 To-day the harvest-fields are bare ;
 The clover hues are gray and dead ;
 The meadow-grass, where lurked the hare,
 Is gathered to the farmer's shed.—

The mottled fowl float on the lake,
The ripples murmur in the reeds,
The quail pipes in the sheltered brake,
The minnow darts among the weeds.—

The sky is clear ; the air is pure,
And all is sweet as when before
The dreams, too golden to endure,
Were dreamed beside the lake's fair shore.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



* A CALIFORNIA WILD-ROSE SPRAY.

WITH sandaled feet, a gray-robed band
 Kept on its weary way ;
 In an unknown and pathless land,
 O'er hill, dale, dune, and stretch of sand,
 Nor paused till set of day,
 Where stands San Luis Rey.

Blue were the skies, bluer the seas,
 Purple the far, dim hills,
 The madrone shook its glossy leaves
 Out softly in the summer's breeze,
 To countless linnet thrills ;
 Naught else the silence fills.

They halt a shadowed stream beside,
 The Mission's cross to raise ;
 Each close gray cowl is drawn aside,
 Each voice rings out in one full tide,
 Of fervent thanks and praise,
 For toilsome nights and days.

One youthful friar drew from his breast ;
 Beneath the fold of gray,
 And softly to his eyelids pressed,
 Then fastened on the black crosscrest,
 A slender wild-rose pray ;
 And knelt again to pray.

By some mysterious power that wills,
 To the Gray Friars there came,
 A scene that stilled the linnet thrills,

And brought again the far blue hills,
 Of their beloved Spain,
 And made them boys again.

Dull toil, sharp pain, hard sacrifice,
 For one brief spell were o'er,
 Again they looked in mother eyes,
 And saw the tower and turret rise,
 Above the tawny shore,
 That they must know no more.

O, holy friars, the human tears,
 That down your brown cheeks stray,
 Were earnest of a work that clears
 Our history's dark page through long years ;
 O, friars of order gray,
 Touched by a wild-rose spray !

AGNES M. MANNING.



* On July 14, 1769, *El Padre Crespi*, in his diary, notes that he plucked a spray containing six roses and twelve buds, near the site of the present San Luis Rey.

THE CHILD'S WONDERFUL ANSWER.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, Thou hast perfected praise."



STAND the groups, serenely thoughtful,
 Upward lifting reverent eyes
 Where the starry flowers of Heaven
 Brightly blossom in the skies—
 And they speak—those earnest gazers,—
 Of the splendors *All Divine*
 That, beyond the fading star-beams
 In immortal glory shine.

Then, a wise and holy Prelate
 Questions thus that awe-struck band :
 "Is there anything in Heaven
 That was made by human hand?"
 There are grey-haired men and matrons
 In the upward-gazing throng,
 But to solve that wondrous question
 They have vainly pondered long.

And each heart is strangely burdened
 With a weight of mystic fears,
 But a lad whose eyes enshrineth
 Wisdom far beyond his years

Enters softly, as the Prelate
 Thus repeateth his demand :
 "Tell me ! is there aught in Heaven
 That was made by human hand ?"

Then this thrilling answer falleth
 In a timid, childish tone :
 "In our dear Lord's risen Body
 Seated on his fadeless Throne
 Are"—(the lad's sweet voice grows softer,
 And with drooping head he stands)—
"Are the five Wounds of Redemption
 Made by cruel human hands !"

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)



CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

FAR across the shimmering ocean
 Lies a lonely little dell,
 Nestling 'mid the hills of Beara,
 Where a hundred fountains well ;
 Sylvan slope and leaping torrent,
 Verdant glade and cliff and stream,
 Make this lonely mountain hamlet
 Lovely as a painter's dream.

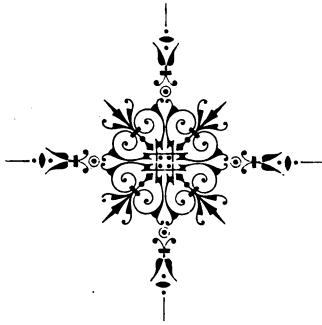
 There, above the darkling river,
 And beneath the hillock brown,
 Stands the dear old white-wall'd school-house,
 By a busy, ancient town ;
 And beyond the olden school-house
 Stands a solitary cot,
 Which in all my world-wanderings,
 I have never once forgot.

 I have still some cherished mem'ries
 Of the festive Christmas mirth
 When the yule logs glowed and crackled
 In that ample cottage hearth ;
 Of the charms that made its precincts,
 Like another Eden bloom—
 But the smiles that were its sunshine
 Now are gathered to the tomb.

 And this weary, weary wand'rer
 From that home that erst was bright
 With weal, wine and welcome,

On each blessed Christmas night,
To that hamlet may return now,
Where he roamed a listless boy,
But a mother's love and welcome
He may never more enjoy.

REV. D. O. CROWLEY.



CLING TO THE CROSS.



CLING to the Cross, for the wild tempest rages—
 Fasten thy hold on the firm Rock of Ages—
 Vain, then, the wrath of the rock-freighted
 ocean,—
 Safe shalt thou rest from its angry commotion—
 Cling to the Cross !

Cling to the Cross, for the darkness increases—
 Gaze on the star-beam that fades not, nor
 ceases—
 Pillar of Light o'er the Red Sea of danger,
 Beacon of Hope to the wave beaten ranger !—
 Cling to the Cross !

Cling to the Cross, for the syren is singing,
 Heed not the strain o'er the wild waters ringing—
 Lend not thine ear to the echoes that haunt thee,
 Ruin lies hid in the tones that enchant thee !
 Cling to the cross !

Cling ! 'tis thy shield from the snares that would
 hold thee—
 Let its strong arms in their shelter enfold thee—
 Safe shalt thou be from the storm-clouds that
 lower,
 Safe, ever safe, from the tempests' wild power ;
 Cling to the Cross !

Shun thou the perils thy beacon shall show thee ;
 See the rich argosies ruined below thee—
 Tremble, and turn from the treacherous ocean,

From its dread calm, and its angry commotion ;
Cling to the Cross !

Cling with a strength that no art can dissever,
Till the wild waves shall be silenced forever ;
Till, o'er the Red Sea of trial and danger
Path shall be made for the storm beaten ranger.
Cling to the Cross !

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)



THE COLOR OF GOLD.

CHEER up, old friend, and forget the past,
 The months of discomfort, disease, and cold,
 Come, look in this pan, we've struck it at last,—
 Here, my boy, is a color of gold.
 Color of gold ! Ah ! Three years ago,
 In the season when daisies their sweets unfold,
 I said, "farewell !" 'tis the hour to go,
 And I kissed her ringlets—the color of gold.

 We've worked together, Jim, side by side,
 In snow and in rain, as men work for life—
 I, for a sunny-haired, blue-eyed bride,
 You for your winsome and waiting wife—
 And though others around us made their pile,
 Ever to us fell the barren claim.
 Patient endurance and ceaseless toil
 Availed us nothing—luck was the same.

 But we never lost heart, for well we knew,
 If prayers for wanderers are heard in heaven—
 The sweetheart's for me, and the wife's for you—
 That were each hour for our safety given,
 Would sooner or later turn the tide,
 Bring us out victors at last in the strife—
 Give to my arms the trusting bride,
 Give to your arms the faithful wife.

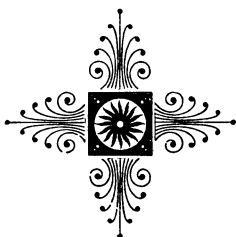
 Oh ! the sweet home meadows, the blithe brown
 brook,
 That caught its tints from verdure and sky,

The old bent willow, that sheltered the nook,
 Where, in drowsy noontime we used to lie ;
 And beyond the river the reaches of sand
 Which the west wind flecked with the yellow
 spume,
 The jagged reefs where the tall rocks stand
 With their rough breasts bared to the breakers'
 fume.

Are before us both, in the great hope now
 That our failures are over, our fortunes near ;
 From the torrent that leaps o'er yon steep cliff's
 brow

We will win the prize that has cost so dear.
 Then to work, old friend, for our homes and love ;
 We'll despond no more, but be earnest and bold,
 And to-night, with no roof but the stars above,
 Our dreams shall indeed be, Color of Gold.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



CONTENT.



CONTENT, a seed from brighter spheres,
 Was cast on earth's unhallowed clay,
 But crushed by pride and steeped in tears,
 Its languid leaflets fade away.
 The tawny tribes of desert plains ;
 The wretched, heedless of their fate ;
 The lowly slaves that smile in chains ;
 The rich whom wealth can satiate ;
 In these it bears a blighted bloom,
 Though ne'er for sullied sphere designed,
 Where pride's ignoble deeds presume,
 And chains of dark debasement bind
 The languid fruits of calm content—
 We see them not on golden page
 With greatness and with glory blent,
 As triumphs of a bygone age.
 The weeping clouds and sighing breeze
 Awake the verdure in the dell,
 The tempest o'er the troubled seas
 Sends on to shore the shining shell,
 And thus the lights that gild our way
 Contentment calm can ne'er diffuse,
 But oft they come in wind and spray
 Like ocean shells and vernal hues.

ROSE O'HALLORAN.

COUNTING THE COST.

I 'VE met success at last, Margaret, I've met success at last ;
 I've gained the end for which we strove for thirty winters past.
 A sudden freak of fortune, an unexpected turn
 Now gives me in a moment, what we tried for years to earn.

Ah, well do I remember, the years we toiled in vain,
 And bore with disappointment and poverty and pain,
 That our children might be happy, and free from grinding care,
 And never know the burden their parents had to bear.

'Twas by your constant efforts the precious seed was sown,
 Whence sprang the golden harvest that now I reap alone;
 Your life-long perseverance obtained that boon for me
 Which, God alone knows why, Margaret, *you* never were to see.

We started life together, a young and thoughtless pair ;
 The future laid before us, all radiant and fair ;
 Each all unto the other—we loved each other so ;—
 No thought of future trouble, no fear of coming woe.
 Ah, you were lovely then, Margaret, your brow was smooth and fair,
 And black as raven's pinions, your long and glossy hair ;
 I fondly vowed that nothing that I might do or say

Should drive the smile of gladness from your happy
face away.

I could not help it, Margaret! God knows, dear, I meant
well,
How soon the frowns of fortune upon our efforts fell;
How soon the sun of promise went down in murky
gloom ;
How soon the hopes of Spring-tide lay buried in the
tomb.

But still we struggled bravely, and, standing side by
side,
Made strong, but useless efforts to breast the rushing
tide.
Until your brow was shadowed and crossed by lines of
care,
And threads of glistening silver streaked all your lovely
hair.

But in your gentle bosom would kindness ever reign,
Your smile was never absent, though clouded oft by
pain ;
And, when Life's weary pathway a checkered road had
grown,
Your sunshine was for others, your shadows all your
own.

A steady tread of footsteps will grind the rock to sand ;
The constant drip of water will wear away the land ;
The strongly rooted oak tree be stricken by the blast ;
So 'twas with you, my Margaret, *you gave it up at last.*

The heart that of life's sorrows had borne so large a
share,
Now sank beneath a burden too great for heart to bear ;

The hands that toiled unceasing, nor knew a moment's
rest,

At last were folded calmly upon your quiet breast.

Oh ! ever in my memory shall live that dreary morn
When from the humble threshold your lifeless form
was borne.

Our home was dark and gloomy, the household light
had flown,

The little ones were orphans, and I was left alone.

'Twas hard to lose you, Margaret ;—yet if so great an
ill

Could wear another shadow, to make it darker still,
It was the thought, heart-rending, that all your life-
time's pain

And toil had been for nothing ; that you had lived in
vain.

Your grave was scarce green, Margaret, the solemn
funeral toll

Had not yet ceased to echo within my saddened soul,
When came this change of Fortune, so sudden and so
fair ;

I went to sleep a pauper, I woke a millionaire.

The old home now is different from what it used to be
Through the long, weary hours, you labored there with
me,

In the bright, golden sunbeams that on our bridal
showered,

Amid the threat'ning storm-clouds that round your
funeral lowered.

We've made a marble portal replace the picket gate,
Where you would stand at twilight, and for my coming

wait ;

And altered is the fireside, where oft I've seen you sit,
And watch the children's shadows upon the hearth-
stone flit.

And I'm another man, Margaret, I'm now a million-
aire ;

I'm courted and I'm sought for ;—invited everywhere
And many do me honor, who scarcely knew my name
When I was but a drayman, before my money came.

Yet though 'tis grand and flattering to own this magic
store,

How gladly I'd resign it to have you here once more !
I'd leave this lordly mansion, with all its state and
pride,

To own our little cottage, if you were at my side.

And, (God forgive me, Margaret,) I've often thought
it hard

That you, who fought the battle, should taste not the
reward ;

My bark should sail in safety across the wavelets bright,
And yours go down so sadly, when harbor was in sight.

Yet 'tis a blessed comfort that we so surely know
It *must* be just and righteous, when He would have it
so.

Why should we strive to fathom, oh, little heart of mine,
The depths of wisdom guiding His Providence Divine ?

God rest you, noble Margaret ! what lessons you have
taught

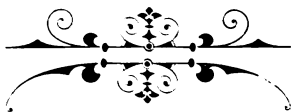
Of earnestness in doing, and tenderness in thought !
Of steadfast perseverance, as, day succeeding day,
You trod the tangled briars, that strew the narrow way !

E'en if the paltry dollars your willing labors earned
Had not been blest by Fortune, and into thousands
turned,
Well might your children's children, with fondly glowing
breasts,
Stand up among the people and call your memory blest.

My race is nearly run, Margaret ; I near the "better
shore,"
And hail the bright, sweet promise of seeing you once
more,
When God's eternal calmness shall soothe our restless
fears,
And they shall meet in gladness, who parted here in
tears.

As one by one our children, each in God's own good
time,
Ascend the shining stairway you taught them how to
climb,
And take the crowns of glory you aided them to gain,
God's angels then shall witness—you did not live in
vain.

SARAH C. BURNETT.



DONNER LAKE.



LIKE a gem in rarest setting, or a poet's dream
of beauty,

Or that haven which a pilgrim pictures in his
thoughts of rest,

Is the lake which is encircled by the fairest,
sweetest blossoms,

Sentined by giant pine-trees near the tall
Sierra's crest.

O'er its waves of crystal clearness lightly dance
the mountain zephyrs,

And accross the fringing grasses come the
timid deer to drink,

While the song birds carol gaily many a joyous
glee and anthem,

Resting on the branches bending downward to
the water's brink.

Looking on it in the glory of the summer's
fairest movements,

Who would dream its echoes ever heard the
wild, despairing cry

Of that little band of heroes who had toiled
through many dangers,

By its margin, there so lonely, there to famish
and to die.

When those lofty pines were writhing in the
storm-king's fierce embraces,

And the winter's snows had drifted, forming
barriers broad and deep,

While the craggy heights beyond it, in their
 weird and grim outlining,
 To the travelers' straining vision seemed an
 ogre's castle-keep.

Here they rested, worn and weary, the bright
 visions which allured them
 Veiled behind the cloud whose darkness, low
 and dense, obscured their way ;
 The wide vales of peace and plenty which
 Their eager fancy painted
 Lying still so far beyond them at the western
 gates of day.

Who can paint the dreary picture of those sadly
 lengthening hours,
 When the moments sorrow-freighted, slowly
 dragged their iron chain,
 While across the tortured spirits of the sufferers
 came the haunting
 Memories of the homes whose comforts rose
 before them in their pain?

Pictures of the happy evenings spent around
 the blazing hearthside,
 Or when mirth and music cheered them round
 the joyous festal board,
 Come to mock them 'mid the gnawing of the
 fearful pangs of hunger,
 Or when o'er the echoing mountains loud and
 fierce the tempest roared.

But from out the gloomy shadows which o'er
 hang that distant period
 Shine the name of valiant women, glorious
 heroines, who wrought

Marvels for their starving children, and, with
 words of hope and cheering,
 Courage to the fainting spirits of their hopeless
 comrades brought.

Valiant women ! noble mothers ! Give to them
 a deathless glory,
 Laurels brighter than the warrior bringeth from
 the battle-field.

Write their names in fadeless letters on our
 land's historic records,
 Who, though facing death and danger, to
 despair would never yield.

They have passed unto their guerdon, and, O
 children loved so fondly !
 Let no cloud obscure the brightness of their
 memory through the years ;
 Cherish it with fond affection, teach your
 children to revere it,
 Keep it green with the bedewing of your love's
 sincerest tears.

How the grand old pines of Donner seem to
 breathe the story over,
 As their murmurings sound like echoes of the
 prayers heard long ago,
 Sighing still as though in pity for the anguish
 which they witnessed,
 For the heart-break and the sorrow, for the
 agony and woe !

Lake of weird, romantic beauty ! for the sake
 of friends who bravely
 Quaffed the chalice of affliction by the waters
 at that time,

For their sake, true friends and cherished, do I
dare to make this offering,
'To thy beauties and thy memories, of this
simple wreath of rhyme.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.



EARLY GARNERED.

BLESSED is the hand Divine
 That culls the blossoms ere they twine
 Amid sin's poisoning germs of pain.
 God loves the life-buds and would fain
 They should be sheltered from the glare
 Beneath His gentle fost'ring care.

The blossom left to bloom and fade
 May ward the worm that slowly preyed
 Upon its heart, till trembling 'neath
 The crushing power it must bequeath
 Its scentless petals, seared and browned
 Unto the dark, dark, yawning ground.

Aye, blessed are the early dead.
 Thrice blessed they who gently led
 Through aisles of innocence and peace
 Breathe forth the soul, which find release
 Ere stain of sin, or battle scar
 Its bright, immortal shield doth mar.

O soul ! young soul ! thy priceless bloom
 Of innocence will bless the tomb !—
 The Maker in His love oft bends
 To take the buds His Heart but lends
 To sanctify this life, and make
 Us love Him better for their sake.

K. M. NESFIELD.

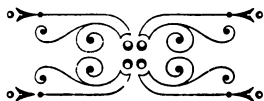
EARTHLY AIMS.



T noble aim and purpose high,
 How oft is raised the zealot's cry
 That life is but a fleeting dream
 A swiftly-flowing turbid stream
 That leads to realms of calm and bliss—
 No transient vale of gloom like this ;
 That there our thoughts alone should tend
 Where all our weary turmoils end ;
 That earthly gifts are trivial gain,
 As all is false and all is vain.
 But falser far, that idle plea
 Profanely slighting Heaven's decree,
 That man should strive with hardy toil
 To deck with bloom the thorny soil ;
 A morbid plea of mortals blind,
 Who fathomed ne'er the human mind,
 Which fain would still o'er land and sea
 The din that tells of progress free,
 Which curbing aims of struggling art,
 The studious brain and earnest heart,
 That seek by deep enduring thought
 To probe the marvels God has wrought,
 And crushing man's untiring will,
 That yearns to gain perfection's skill,
 Would damp his ardor in the strife,
 And onward march of earthly life,
 And have him in primeval woe
 As when from Eden forced to go.

Some few of mystic, saintly mould,
 With steadfast aim and heart controlled,
 The future goal *alone* can heed—
 No mundane purpose seek or need.
 But scarce are they whose thoughts sublime
 Are flown beyond our mortal time ;
 And mankind's heart for worldly weal
 Was formed to strive with earnest zeal.
 If onward be our maxim here,
 It lights us on through life's career.
 Unchecked, unchained by curb or bound,
 Save that in right and justice found ;
 But if allured beyond their path,
Then let us fear a future wrath,
Then let us muse on fleeting time,
 And think that nought repays for crime,
 But onward strive with might and main
 The laurel wreaths of earth to gain ;
 They shadow forth that future goal,
 The home of man's aspiring soul.

ROSE O'HALLORAN.



AN EASTER SONG.

SING, merry birds ! ring, joyous bells !
 And, while the gleeful music swells,
 Your censers swing, O, lilies white !
 And o'er green floors of grassy dells
 Dance, Easter beams of golden light !

For Love hath crossed the crimson flood,
 And joy's immortal roses bud
 And blossom o'er His woeful way,
 And Sorrow's night, with Pashal Blood
 Makes bright the doors of Easter Day !
 Hail ! gladness born of death and gloom !
 Hail ! sunlight shining from the tomb !
 Hail ! fruitage of the purpled Tree !
 Hail ! fadeless flowers, that sweetly bloom
 Amid the thorns of agony !

Hail ! Church of God ! No longer clad
 In Lenten robes of penance sad,
 No longer veiled in mournful black
 Thy Risen Spouse hath made thee glad,
 And brought thy bridal beauty back.

O, ransomed Earth ! Adoring, bow
 Before thy second Adam, now,
 For He hath won, with anguish toil,
 And crimson sweat of pallid Brow,
 Life's Bread, from out thy desert soil.

And He hath made thy thistles bear

Blest grapes, in purple clusters fair ;
 And lo ! His nail-rent feet have trod
 Their sweetness out, that man might share
 Rich Wine, from Life-Blood of his God !

Then ring, sweet bells ! with merry chime !
 From northern realm to tropic clime
 Peal out your Alleluias blest !
 And through the echoing aisles of Time
 Repeat Love's "Consummatus est !"

"'Tis finished !" Aye ! His work is done !
 And, from the tomb, that Mighty One
 Hath rolled the Stone of Death away,
 And thence the blithe, immortal Sun
 Shines forth, at dawn of Easter Day !

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)



ENCHANTMENT.



HE sails we see on the ocean
 Are as white as white can be ;
 But never one in the harbor
 As white as the sails at sea.

 And the clouds that crown the mounta
 With purple and gold delight ;
 Turn to cold, gray mist and vapor
 Ere ever we reach the height.

 The mountains wear crowns of glory
 Only when seen from afar ;
 And the sails lose all their whiteness
 Inside of the harbor bar.

 Stately and fair is the vessel
 That comes not near our beach ;
 Stately and grand the mountain
 Whose height we never may reach.

 Oh ! Distance, thou dear enchanter,
 Still hold in thy magic veil
 The glory of far off mountain
 The gleam of the far-off sail !

LYTTLETON SAVAGE.

EYES.

EYES of blue are like the sky,
Brilliant with an azure stain—
Though an angry cloud is nigh
Soon 'twill vanish and on high
'Tis clear again !

Eyes of black are like the night—
Woo them and Love's mellow moon
Gilds them with a glorious light ;
Scorn them, and Hate's withering might
Will blast thee soon !

Brown eyes are like the autumn sere,
Making earth a sombre spot ;
Seek them, if with Friendship's tear
Thou wouldst diamond Sorrow's bier,
But love them not !

Eyes of gray are like the sun,
Shining steadily and clear ;
If by honest friendship won,
Steadfast till Life's day is done
And night is near !

CHARLES ANTHONY DOYLE.

FAITH AND FRATERNITY.

P
S
 long as the sun, from his throne in heaven,
 Warms the bosom of this fair earth,
 As long as men hope to be forgiven
 The sins that cling to their human birth,
 I hold the greatest of all believing,
 The noblest glimpse of this veiled plan,
 The strongest thread in this tangled weaving,
 Is the love man bears for his fellow-man.

The road is long, and the path before us,
 Is dense with thorn and clogged with brake,
 The clouds that threaten are lowering o'er us,
 We long to slumber, but dread to wake ;
 For the drift is cold, though its silvery whiteness,
 The calm of surcease from toils suggest,
 Alas, we know that the new sun's brightness
 On pulseless bosoms at dawn would rest.

Alas, we know, we, though vain, unheeding,
 That rest is danger and peace is death ;
 So on and ever our feet are speeding,
 The lightning flashing, the loud, fierce thunder
 Appall as ever, but on we move,
 Hand clasped in hand, and ne'er asunder,
 For our own safety is human love.

The love of brother, the bonds that bind us,
 The staff we lean on to win the goal,
 The bolt may fall and the lightening blind us,

The dreadful thunder above us roll,
 For strong in weakness, what ere betide us—
 Grim spectres breathing the airs of death,
 We dread them not, when we keep beside us
 The guardian spirit of Love and Faith.

Shall we trust to nature for succor only
 And bid her shield us who brought to life?
 Will nature leave us aghast and lonely,
 To breast unaided the shock of strife?
 Alas, Oh Mother! with thee we linger
 For hopeful accents, and her reply—
 The grave, she points with unpitying finger
 ‘From dust I brought ye, in dust ye lie.’

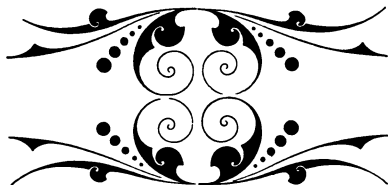
We raise to heaven our tear stained faces,
 “If nature fails us where shall we fly?
 “If nature rich in myriad graces,
 “Has only brought us to life to die?
 “‘Twere better far we were never born.”
 Then a grand voice echoes within our ears.
 A voice, commanding and full of scorn,
 “Arise thou coward and dry thy tears.”

“Arise and listen, above, around thee,
 “Monitions mighty are telling thee,
 “From all that in Nature’s self surround thee,
 “The whispering brook, and the clanging sea,
 “Thou wert not born, oh self deceiving,
 “To sink, and merge with senseless clod,
 “But to ripe, and broaden, and grow, believing
 “In Love and Faith, and a gracious God.”

For this we strive, and the dark is brightened,
 And the fields are fertile, and life is good,
 And our hearts are cheered, and our burdens lightened,

As we glide in peace down the tranquil flood.
"Give me thy hand, oh, week one, others
If thou art weary, will take the oar,"
And in song and loving, a band of brothers,
We guide our bark to the shining shore.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



FAREWELL TO SOLANO.

FAREWELL, sweet abode of retirement and ease,
 Where every amusement, tho' simple, could please,
 Where time seemed to pass as in boyhood of yore,
 With Goldsmith and Longfellow, Dryden and
 Moore.

Fain, fain would I stay with companions like
 those,
 From life's fervid noon to its passionless close,
 When hope in fruition supernal doth bloom
 Ere the heart of the faithful lies cold in the tomb.

How meet for a bard in this sweet, little spot,
 Where the first fleeting ray of Aurora is caught,
 And sunshine in Autumn doth love to abide
 From Matin's fair flush to the cool vespertide.

How oft' will thy pencil fond memory; trace
 'The calm and contentment that hallowed this
 place,
 As back from the mart, and the crowd-trodden
 street
 Fair fancy shall fly to this rural retreat.

Fair Queen of Solano, may Heaven's soft rains
 Propetiously fall on thy life-giving plains ;
 Apart and remote from the world's rude strife,
 Long mayest thou yield us the *stout "staff of life."*

And long may thy people, free-hearted and true,
 'The pathway of virtue with pleasure pursue,

And, Oh ! righteous Heaven ! guard, cherish and
shield

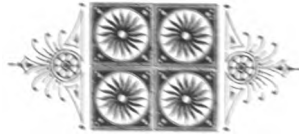
Her hard-fisted toilers in workshop and field.

And now, my own friends, fond and faithful and
dear,

Long, long, shall your memory be cherished with
care ;

And long shall this bosom responsively swell
To the spirit that voices your final "Farewell."

REV. D. O. CROWLEY.



FERNS.

I
 HAVE brought you the graceful ferns
 From the depths of a quiet glade,
 Sweet with the breath of the cool, moist earth,
 And fresh from the dustless shade.

The least, are they, of the floral train,
 But I lay them at your feet,
 For they whisper of peaceful solitude,
 And a glen for the fairies meet.

Where the madrone and the oak
 Are tangled into a bower,
 Where the hazel drops its burr,
 And the buckeye casts its flower.

There the brooklet, murmuring, steals
 The mossy rocks between,
 And falls in a cool cascade,
 In the midst of the elfin scene.

There the wood-birds build their nest,
 And call from tree to tree ;
 And from branch to branch the festoons hang
 Of the wild convolvuli.

Here's a frond of the golden fern,
 So delicate, small and fair ;
 And there for a breast-knot, take
 A bunch of this maiden hair.

But the best reserve for your keepsake book,

As a memory still of me
And the peaceful shade of the quiet glade,
Where the wood-birds carol free.

MIRA M. MAHONEY.



FLOWERS.



IN the balm of mountain breeze ;
 In the shade of forest trees ;
 In the calm of sunny seas,
 Will flowers gladly bloom.

Amid beauty, youth and pride ;
 Where the joys of hope abide ;
 Where the gladsome sunbeams glide,
 They shrink away from gloom.

But around the silent dead,
 In that mystic stillness dread,
 Joy is hushed and hope is fled ;—
 It is needless to illumine.

And the blossoms fair and gay,
 Ne'er can blend in death's decay,
 Ne'er can gild the lifeless clay,
 Nor cheer the lonely doom.

As the husk without the grain,
 Left to wither on the plain
 In the cold and wintry rain,
 Are the ashes of the tomb.

But for sunshine and the morn
 Were the flowers only born,
 And their beauties ne'er adorn
 Where the deepest shadows loom.

ROSE O'HALLORAN.

GOOD FRIDAY.


 O-DAY the Saviour died—suffered the crucified,
 Yet could his failing eyes see the repentant tear,
 Saying: “In Paradise thou shalt with me appear,”
 “Father, forgive !” He prayed, such blessed words He
 said,
 “They know not what they do.” *This* in the face of
 death,
This for his enemies, asked with his latest breath.
 Yet do his children now, turn from his face and bow,
Not to this *lowly one*; down to strange gods beside,
 And in their *lust* and *pride*, still is He crucified.

How long will they profane, His pure and sacred
 name?

Placing His holy sign, His emblems so divine,
 In midst of mockery, on each unhallowed shrine.
 “I thirst !” to each poor heart, struck by some poison-
 ed dart,

Treading the narrow way; ready to faint and fall,
 To the parched lips that cry; earth gives her bitter
 gall.

Oh, let us kneel to-day ! kneel in the dust and pray,
 Close to his bleeding feet ; seeking our soul's relief
 In deep repentant grief—e'en like the dying thief.

Jesus, “the Prince of Peace,” when shall the striving
 cease?

Dark roll the waves of death ; can we the current stem?
 Seeing at last thy face—touching thy garment's hem?

Forgive each idle word Thy outraged ears have heard,
Each sinful act forgive ; into Thy hands receive.
At death our sorrowing souls, that they may live.
This day the Saviour died—suffered the crucified ;
Yet He the suppliant heard, and He could pitying see,
Saying: "In Para'dise, to-day, thou shalt be with Me."

ANNA MORRISON REED.



HONORIS CAUSA.



OW strangely cold the bright harp stands,
 Its strings untouched by human hands,
 A corse without the kindling soul
 That lends its gladness to the whole.

How dull the idle keyboard seems
 With all its white and sable gleams,
 A lifeless skull bereft of breath,
 The senseless skeleton of Death.

How meaningless the gay guitar,
 Trumphet and flute and clarion are !
 The organ pipes the grand display
 Of song's and music's proud array.

Like thoughts ere they are framed in words,
 Like ice-bound rivers, sleeping birds,
 Like prisoned flowers in cryptic seeds,
 Like ideals yet unclothed in deeds.

If human voice and human power,
 Lend not their God-imparted dower
 To draw from chords, or trembling keys,
 The soul of deathless melodies.

So too the Poet's loftiest art,
 The lyral triumphs of his heart;
 The orator's sublimest thought
 In Genius' fiery furnace wrought
 Seem cold and passionless, until

The power of cultured voice's skill
Breathes o'er the lifeless mass, and lo !
It thrills with feeling's fervid glow.

And panoplied in love and light,
It bursts upon our mental sight,
As on the Prophet's wondering gaze,
The flesh-clothed bones of by-gone days.

Oh ! happy they whose vocal lyre,
Prometheus-like steals sparks of fire,
From Heaven to warm the lifeless clay
Of many a thought embodying lay.

Oh ! happy they that sunbeam-like,
The silent Memnon statue strike
And wake the slumbering chords that thrill
Responsive to Auroral skill.

Ay, happy they to whom 'tis given
To wield this power aright—in Heaven,
May it be theirs to swell for aye,
The glorious angel's choral lay.

Casting their crowns, as it is meet,
At our Almighty father's feet,
Since "Thoughts that breathe and words that
To Him, as to their source return. [burn,"

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.

HYMN OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.



U P, comrades, up, the bugle peals the note of war's
alarms,

And the cry is ringing sternly round, that calls
the land to arms ;

Adieu, adieu, fair land of France, where the vine
of Brennus reigns ;

We go where the blooming laurels grow, on the
bright Italian plains.

Advance ! advance ! brave sons of France before
the startled world ;

For France once more, her tricolor in triumph
hath unfurled.

Our eagles shall fly 'neath many a sky, with a halo
round their way,

Where History flings, on their flashing wings, the
light of Glory's ray ;

And we shall bear them proudly on, through
many a mighty fray,

That shall win old nation's back to life, in the
glorious coming day.

Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, be-
fore the startled world,

For France once more her tricolor, in triumph
hath unfurled.

The glowing heart, of the land of Art, throbbing
for Liberty,

Our swords invoke, to erase the yoke from beau-
teous Italy ;

And the Magyar waits with kindling hope, the aid
 of the Gallic hand,
 To drive the hated Austrians forth, from the old
 Hungarian land.
 Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before
 the startled world,
 For France once more her tricolor, in triumph
 hath unfurled.

See the Briton, pale, as he dons his mail, for the
 coming conflict shock,
 And before his eyes, see the phantom rise, of the
 Chief on Helena's rock ;
 In foreboding fears, already he hears, through
 palace and mart anew,
 Our avenging shout, o'er the battle rout—remember
 Waterloo !
 Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before
 the startled world.
 For France once more her tricolor, in triumph
 hath unfurled.

And hark, a wail, from our kindred Gael, comes
 floating from the west—
 That gallant race, whose chosen place, was ever
 our battle's crest ;
 Now is the day we can repay, the generous debt
 we owe,
 To Irish blood, that freely flowed to conquer
 France's foe.
 Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before
 the startled world,
 For France once more, her tricolor, in triumph
 hath unfurled.

Old Tricolor, as in days of yore, you shall wave
o'er vanished kings,
And your folds shall fly, 'neath an English sky,
on victory's crimson wings;
And Europe's shout, shall in joy ring out, hailing
Freedom in thy track,
When our task is done, and we bear thee on, to
France with glory back.
Then advance, advance, ye sons of France, before
the startled world,
For France once more, her tricolor; in triumph
hath unfurled.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.



IN THE FIRST SNOWFALL *



BLUE dome above us, marvellous hive,
Opaline, crystalline, all alive
With the white bees of Blessed Rita !

If but these feathery flakes might store
Honey of Hybla in lucent comb,
Bee-like ; if only the azure dome
Might harbor and house them more and more,
So that the seeker easily sees
Ever the delicate airy things
Fluttering with invisible wings—
Feathery flakes like bebies of bees—
Would they better us then, I wonder ?
Would they even cover us under
Canopies of immaculate white ?
Lodge us in little cells asunder—
Separate cells of honeyed delight.

Could they but sweeten the lips of song,
Chilling a passion, righting a wrong ;
Purging a blemish, blotting a stain ;
Making the tarnished heart clean again—
Then might we pluck away the leaven
Leavening all that else were beautiful ;
Then might the wayward one grow dutiful.
Looking above him to discover,
Flake upon flake, the clouds that hover,
Filling the happy hive of Heaven
With the white bees of Blessed Rita !

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



*The exquisite legend of Blessed Rita, of Cascia, which suggested these lines, relates that the day after her baptism a swarm of beautiful, snow-white bees—symbols of her purity and innocence, and of the irresistible sweetness of her words, which drew so many souls to God—was seen issuing from the child's mouth, where they had left behind them a comb filled with luscious honey. Another mysterious swarm bore her company.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

“HIS hours are numbered,” the doctor said,
 As he leaned over the pauper’s dying bed,
 Kindly ease the throbbing head.
 “Last night,” said the nurse, “he was raving to me
 Of a waiting wife by some far-off sea,
 Whose sheeny hair, in its braided fold,
 Glistened and gleamed like burnished gold—
 The treasure for which his life was sold.”

A restless wanderer in western lands,
 He had delved and dug in the river’s sands,
 With furrowed forehead and toil-stained hands,
 And still came dreams—when the sun went down,
 And the moaning torrent in fret and foam
 Dashed on to the ocean of sea-coast town—
 And scenes and faces and songs of home,
 And the gleaming tresses in loving rest
 Were pillowed in peace on the miner’s breast.

He spoke of the hopes of the coming years,
 And the Summer days by the smiling shore,
 Where the feverish gold-thirst should rage no
 more

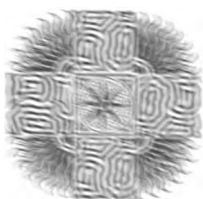
And he dried forever the watcher’s tears.
 Again he talked of a pleasant lane,
 And a bright-eyed girl he led from school,
 And of noon-day baths in the crystal pool,
 As he tossed and moaned with the fever’s pain.

* * * * *

That night when the city was wrapped in gloom,

And the evening had not yet the "one" tenth.
 To come again to earth in parting speech.
 A soul passed out in the physical form.

— J. M. O'NEILL



IN THE REDWOODS.



DEEP in the hallowed forest,
 My soul, relieved of care,
 Is filled with a mighty anthem
 Of praise, and joy, and prayer,
 That wakens the depths of the redwoods,
 And thrills through the trembling air.

Aloft, in the leafy tree-tops
 Is sung the glorious strain,
 While the ceaseless hum of the insects,
 Fills out the glad refrain,
 Of 'Glory to God in the highest',
 Repeated again and again.

And 'peace on earth', respondeth
 In solemn chant, the stream,
 As it flows along o'er its pebbly bed,
 Reflecting the noon-day beam,
 That pierces the leafy bower,
 With shaft of golden gleam.

While the softest clouds of incense,
 Where e'er the rays illume,
 Float from the fragrant earth,
 In breath of sweet perfume,
 To mingle with the odorous pine,
 And creamy buckeye bloom.

So in the redwood forest
 I find surcease of care,

As swells the mighty anthem
Through all the pulsing air,
And from my heart, responsive, breaks
'Amen', to Nature's prayer.

MIRA M. MAHONEY.



IN THE SIERRAS.

OUT of the heat and toil and dust of trades,
 Far from the sound of cities and of seas,
 I journeyed lonely and alone ; I sought
 The valley of the ages, and the place
 Of the wind braided waters.

I was one,
 A pilgrim, whose blind steps led thitherward
 Into the shadow and forgetfulness
 That bless secluded streams and sheltering vales ;
 Fleeing the blare of traffic, in the track
 Of Autumn solitudes, I followed where
 The leaves were falling to the littered grounds,
 And every leaf was ripened to the fall.
 Once earlier had I sought the same retreat,
 Haunted of listless steps and careless eyes,
 Green was the mantle of the leafy hill,
 Swollen the stream along the spongy bank ;
 The meadow was a lake, where swelling knolls
 Lifted their grassy islands to the sun.
 But Autumn is the lovelier, the best ;
 And here at last, I cast me at full length
 In the midvalley, where the stream expands
 Lake-wise, and lilies lift their broad green palms
 Against the sunshine, and the skaters slide
 Upon the water, and the beetles dive
 Into their shady gardens ; while ashore
 The glossy water-thrush trips close upon,
 And courtesies at the margin, as she wets

All of her slender body in the pool.
 And here a myriad creatures built and toiled
 At their incessant masonry.

I heard

The meadows drinking in the wet ; the sod
 Supping the generous sunshine ; now forgot
 The sea-tides burdened with careering fleets,
 The land-tides pouring o'er the thundering pave,
 And the tumultous clangor of the bells
 In smoke-wreathed steeple and tower.

Sweeter I found

In solitude, the deep and tranquil stream
 Of Autumn, broken on her golden fields
 By zephyr hissing through the hedge; the sigh
 Of airy waterfalls, as in the wood
 The plaintive robin's tender tremolo,
 Look up, my heart, unto the heights ! look up
 Beyond the frosty hills, through torrent and wood,
 On to the wind swept highland, with its bed
 Of diamond-powered snow ; my good steed cast
 The solid snow-seals from his heavy hoofs,
 'Till all the sparkling plain was struck across
 With stained and dingy crescents.

So we toiled ;

Now through the clustering groves' white-cushioned
 boughs,
 And now through openings and anon between
 The tall unbending columns that impale
 The architectural forests

There no lack

Of the imploring cries that startle us—
 The jay-bird's shrill alarms, and many notes
 Untraceable to any tongue whatever,
 Heaven-born and brief.

Sometimes we faintly heard
 The wee ground squirrel's whistle, sharp and clear ;
 Sometimes the drum of pheasant ; or the boom
 Of the woodpecker, raining rapid blows
 Upon the hollow tree.

Anon we sank
 Into the awful canons, where the brook
 Hissed between icy fangs that cased the shore,
 Slim, lank and pallid blue.

There we beheld
 The flower-like track of the coyote, near
 The fairy tracery where the squirrel skipped
 Graceful and shy ; yet farther along we saw
 The small divided hollows where the doe
 Dropped her light foot and lifted it away ;
 And then the print of some designing fox
 Or dog's more honest paw ; the solid bowls
 That held the swaying oxen's spreading hoof ;
 And suddenly, in awe, the bear's broad palm
 With almost human impress.

Journeying
 Under the sky's blue vacancy, I saw
 How nature prints and publishes abroad
 Her marvelous gospels !

Here the wind burnt bark
 Like satin glossed and quilted ; scattered twigs
 In mysterious hieroglyphics ; the gaunt shrubs
 That seem to point to something wise and grave ;
 The leafless stalks, that rise so desolate
 Out of their slender shafts, within the drift ;
 Under the dripping gables of the fir
 The slow drops softly sink their silent wells
 Into the passive snow ; and over all,
 Swept the brown needles of the withering pine.

Thither, my comrades, would I fly with thee
 Out of the maelstrom, the metropolis,
 Where the pale sea-mist storms the citadels
 With ghastly avalanches.

The hot plains,
 Dimmed with a dingy veil of floating dust,
 The brazen foot-hills the perennial heights,
 And the green girdle of the spicy wood
 We tread with gathering rapture.

Still we climb !
 The season and the summit passed alike,
 High on the glacial slopes we plant our feet
 Beneath the gray crags insurmountable ;
 Care, like a burden falling from our hearts ;
 Joy, like the wings of morning, spiriting
 Our souls in ecstasy to outer worlds
 Where the moon sails among the silver peaks
 On the four winds of heaven !

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

WHILE Night from out her native sky,
 Looks down with many a starry eye,
 Where all earth's children seem at rest,
 Upon their mother's kindly breast ;
 Why, while the whole world seems to sleep,
 Dost thou thy watchful vigils keep,
 Astronomer ? What thy reward ;
 The journeys of the stars to guard ?

"I wake,—the dotage and the brute
 May lie in sleep, enchained and mute,
 But writ upon that trackless sky,
 The fate of ages, I descry ;
 I cannot lose the hours of time,
 That with such glorious mysteries shine,
I watch,—that future man may read
 The revelations of my creed.

O Mother, bending o'er thy child
 With heart of love, so true and mild,
 Why, till the distant day has dawned,
 Do thy petitions pure and fond,
 Reach to the Author of all light,
 Throughout the watches of the night ?
 And why such ward, unselfish, keep,
 Above thy baby's peaceful sleep ?

Why do I thus, with patience, bear
 The task confided to my care ?
 "Forbid them not," (He said), because

Of such His very kingdom was ;
 And be it peasant ; be it king,
 A child is still a precious thing,
 He holds, if destined to command,
 The good of nations in his hand.

And if to humble lot he's born,
 I yet will guard him night and morn,
 No matter what things I endure,
 If I can make him wise and pure,
 And keep through youth within his eyes,
 The light they brought from Paradise.
 The task is grand in God's great plan,
 To rear a good and honest man.

When thousands lie in rest profound,
 By slumber's sluggish chain enwound,
 With thankless lip and sin-stamped brow,
 For them, O Priest ! why prayest thou
 "My child this life is but a span,
 Too short to intercede for man ;
 And while the sin-fraught ages roll,

I pray for his *undying soul*."
 Up sluggard ! *think* and *watch* and *pray*,
 Before your time has passed away,
 There comes at last unbroken rest,
 When rains beat o'er the quiet breast,
 Before we hear the sounding horn,
 That ushers Resurrection's morn,
 When life no more is warm and bright,
Then sleep through watches of the night.

ANNA MORRISON REED.

JUNE.

BETWEEN the roses of the May,
Looks out the radiant face of June,
Blushing, she seems afraid to cross
The threshold of the Spring so soon,
While my heart echoes beat for beat,
The tread of her reluctant feet.

Passionate languor in her eyes,
The kiss of summer on her mouth,
I love her harmony of birds—
I love her soft winds of the south,
Her cumulus clouds that grandly rise,
Across the sunlight of her skies.

A lily with its laughing lips,
Bends o'er her brow; a star-like shine,
Thrills me from heart to finger-tip
With fragrance of the jessamine;
A dove her gentle note prolongs
Answering the last late robin's

So here I fondly weave my dreams,
While waiting face to face with June,
Of you, my darling, beautiful,
As birdsong, blossom and perfume,
Lulled on the summer's slumberous breast,
I dream and know that I am blest.

ANNA MORRISON REED.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

THE messenger upon the hill-top, staying
 To rest his pony made a brief delay,
 The busy placer mining camp surveying,
 That like a little world beneath him lay.

 He blew his horn and labor was suspended,
 The shovel and the pick aside were flung;
 Dismounting then the hill-side he descended,
 And soon the hardy miners stood among.

 The mail-bag he unlocked, not all the treasure
 That lay around him could such joy impart
 As its contents—who can the value measure
 Of words of love, the coinage of the heart?

 Letters from home, 'tis only those who wander
 For weary years from loving friends and kin,
 Whom callous fate from dear ones tears asunder,
 Can tell the wondrous charm that lies therein.

 No matter how defective be the spelling,
 The writing coarse, irregular or blurred,
 Those letters still the old, old tale are telling,
 And tears and heart-throbs are in every word.

 Around the messenger the miners gather,
 Letters from home he brings to every one;
 The little children's greeting to a father,
 The mother's tender message to her son.

 O little hands raised heavenward night and morn-
 ing.

Clasping the tendrils of a human heart,
 That ever beats for you, that soon returning
 Will moored be to your own no more to part.

Ah, boy when new-fledged friends are most alluring,
 Seeking to lead you in the path of wrong,

Think of that mother's love for aye enduring,
 And with God's help be you brave and strong.

The maiden too, at last her love confesses,
 And the month's doubt and cares are put to flight;
 Her letter fondly to his lip he presses,
 And sings and laughs and dances with delight.

Somewhat apart a stalwart man was standing ;
 "Is there no word for me?" he asked with bathed
 breath,

The messenger replied by slowly handing
 A letter whose black border told of death.

The camp was still, the hardy miners slumbered,
 But in one cabin was a flickering light,
 Where a grief-stricken man the long hours numbered,
 And sobbing, passed away the weary night.

R. E. WHITE.



M A R Y.



HALL I whisper a name that was lovely of old
 When the tale of the infant Redeemer was told,
 The honored of God in her sorrow sublime;
 Still haunting the heart through the twilight of
 time?

O'er the starlight of Judah the night mists were
 chill,

On the Galilee's bosom the shadows lay still,
 When it woke on the midnight, so solemn and dim,
 With the flame of a star and the sound of a
 hymn.

And bright with the lustre, and sweet with the
 tone,

Of the angels that sang and the glory that shone,
 Its echoes are soft through the haze of the years,
 With the breath of her sigh and the dew of her
 tears.

And still at the altar, and still at the hearth,
 From the cradle of Christ to the ends of the
 earth,

As gentle in glory as steadfast in gloom
 It serves at His side as it waits at His tomb.

And many shall bless it, as many have blest,
 From the morning of life till the morrow of rest,
 And its fullness of meaning its music shall keep
 While a Mary shall watch or a Mary shall weep.

LYTTLETON SAVAGE.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THEY call me cold and heartless, Lord,
 They think I ill repay
 The tender love, all undeserved,
 They give me day by day.
 They think I have no part with them,
 That they cannot be mine,
 Because no human tie should bind
 A heart that would be Thine.
 And yet Thy all beholding eye
 Down in its depths can see
 The love for them which there abides,
 E'en in its love for Thee.
 For thou hast formed these human ties,
 Thy hand hath made them mine,
 And thou hast made their tender care
 A little part of Thine.
 And have I then no part with them?
 Could not thy angeles tell,
 When I approach the lowly home
 Where Thou art wont to dwell?
 When, 'neath the never-fading lamp
 I kneel, with Thee alone,
 Those dear names pass my earnest lips
 Near to Thy very own?
 Their little hopes, their griefs, their fears,
 I lay before Thy shrine,

And every wish that fills their hearts
In that sweet hour is mine.

But do I love them well, dear Lord,
Most surely dost Thou know
How weak and profitless a love
Can this poor heart bestow.

And could they be my all in all,
Could my whole heart be theirs,
How poorly should I yet repay
Their constant, faithful cares.

Then take them to Thy heart, dear Lord,
And love them Thou for me,
Deep in the overwhelming floods
That ebbs and flows in Thee.

The strength of the almighty power,
That guards thy throne above,
Were not less potent than the force
Of Thy almighty love.

Oh guard my loved ones then, dear Lord !
Make Thy pure heart their rest,
And keep the ties of kindred safe
In thy paternal breast.

Each will the other better know,
When Thou hast drawn us round,
And blessed the tender human love
By which our souls are bound.

Then will all anxious doubts and fears
At rest forever be,
When each heart loveth best its own,
Yet loveth all in Thee.

SARAH C. BURNETT.

MONTEREY.

IN a mantle of old traditions,
 In the rime of a vanished day,
 The shrouded and silent city
 Sits by her crescent bay.

The ruined fort on the hill-top,
 Where never a bunting streams,
 Looks down, a cannonless fortress,
 On the solemn city of dreams.

Gardens of wonderful roses,
 Climbing o'er roof- tree and wall,
 Woodbine and crimson geranium.
 Hollyhocks, purple and tall,

Mingle their odorous breathings
 With the crisp, salt breeze from the sands,
 Where pebbles and sounding sea-shells
 Are gathered by children's hands.

Women, with olive faces,
 And the liquid, southern eye,
 Dark as the forest berries
 That grace the woods in July,

Tenderly train the roses,
 Gathering here and there
 A bud— the richest and rarest—
 For a place in their long, dark hair.

Feeble and garrulous old men

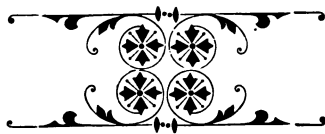


Tell in the Spanish tongue,
Of the good, grand times at the Mission,
And the hymns that the fathers sung.

Of the oil and the wine, and the plenty,
And the dance in the twilight gray—
“Ah ! these,” and the heads shake sadly,
“Were good times in Monterey !”

Behind in the march of cities—
The last in the eager stride
Of villages later born—
She dreams by the ocean side.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



THE MOUNT AND FLOWER OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

A LEGEND OF THE SIERRAS.



NEAR the cloud-encircled summit
Of the wild Nevada range,
Where the bright wand of the Spring-time
Cannot work its magic change,
Even *there*, upon the bosom
Of the white, perpetual snow.
From a plant with blood-red petals
Shines a ceaseless crimson glow.
But that weird and wondrous blossom
Seems commingled ice and fire,
For, when torn from out its birth-place
All its glowing charms expire.
In the daring hand that plucks it
Lo ! the severed bloom appears
(As it lieth, dimmed and melting.)
Like a clot of gory tears.
Vain all efforts to transplant it
To the verdant fields below,
Only on that snowy surface
Will it shed its lurid glow.
Only to the rock's chill bosom
Can its roots securely cling,
Only thence, in mystic splendor,
Will its bright corolla spring.

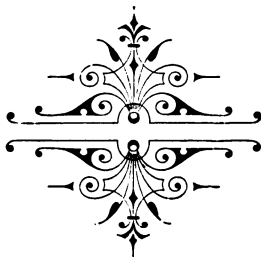
Long before the selfish legions
 Of the miners, rough and bold,
 Rudely tore the shining treasure
 From the cavern's jealous hold,
 "Beautiful upon the mountains"
 Were the feet of those who brought,
 Gladsome tidings of Salvation,
 To the land with darkness fraught,
 Thither, by its Western gateway,
 From the far Pacific strand
 Came the Sons of blessed Francis,
 Came Loyola's sacred band.
 And they marked their path of conquest
 Not with forts of granite dread,
 But with blest adobe temples,
 Where the Holy Mass was said.
 One, from out the brown robed army,
 As he crossed a peak of snow,
 Near its cloud-encircled summit
 Saw that lurid crimson glow,
 From the plant so weird and wondrous,
 That, amid the ice-fields grew,
 With its stem and leaf and blossom,
 All of one ensanguined hue.
 On his knees the meek Franciscan
 Sank, enraptured and amazed.
 And upon the shining wonder
 Long; in silent awe, he gazed.
 Then, at last, while fell the tear-rain,
 In a bright, unceasing flood,
 Thus he cried: "Oh! flower and mountain
 Of the Saviour's Precious Blood!"

* * * *

To this day, that fitting title

Of the flower and mount remains.
And the pilgrim, gazing spell-bound,
On the wondrous crimson stains,
And the sacred name remembering
Of the legend, sweet and blest,
Marvels in his dreaming fancies,
That, within the distant West,
Far from Calvary's awful summit,
Where his life was sacrificed,
Figured on the lone Sierras
Shines the precious blood of Christ!

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)



MOUNT HAMILTON.

A RETROSPECT.

THRO' gates of clouds, as glowing as the portals,
 The beautiful seasons held,
 When from Olympian heights the myth immortals
 Passed in the days of eld.
 Thro' gates of clouds, the sun goes forth in splendor,
 O'er paths of pearly haze,
 And gracefully our hearts to Heaven surrender
 Another day of days.

And while 'neath twilights shroud our vale reposes,
 The unseen angels strew
 Above the Coast Range crest, eve's golden roses,
 And faintly through the blue,
 Arcturns and Antares gleam and glisten,
 And Vega from her lyre
 Outpours sweet strains for all who love to listen
 To heaven's bright, starry choir.

And while our earthly lights to Heaven's replying,
 Thro' leafy screens betray,
 The gaslight's gold with electric silver vying,
 Commingling night and day.
 While Heaven and earth unveil the hidden treasures
 That God bestows on them,
 Let us too count, if count we can, the pleasures
 In this day's anadem.

And while our way winds swiftly down the mountain,
 Through pure winds from the bay,
 Think from how many a cool and sparkling fountain,
 Our souls have quaffed to-day.

Ay, earth, and air, and sky, even from the dawning,
 Their sweetest influence shed.

How grateful o'er midsummer's morn, the awning
 Of fleecy clouds o'erhead.

A canopy of coolness softly veiling
 The glare of mid July,

And then, at noon, white forms of beauty sailing
 Along the sapphire sky.

The seraph of the flaming sword, propitious
 Sheathing his shining blade,

That we, at will, might rifle the delicious
 Fair bowers of Eden shade.

Nor call them wasted hours, these pleasant pauses
 Amid life's busy days,

When nearer to the Eternal Cause of causes,
 His works proclaim his praise.

And tree, and flower, and stream, and woodland chorus,
 And glittering insect train,

And cloud-flecked vault, or star gemmed Heavens bent
 Draw like a golden chain. [o'er us.

Our souls still nearer to the primal sources
 Whence flow all peace and mirth,

The Fount that feeds Time's shallow river courses
 And makes a Heaven of Earth.

God loves the hills, His teaching, suffering, glory,
 With them are intertwined;

And every sunny slope and summit hoary
 Reflects the Eternal mind.

Hence, every hour among them is uplifting,

And fraught with peace and prayer,
 A glorious panorama ever shifting,
 And hourly still more fair.
 Have we not realized this in the graces
 Of all around our way,
 In Buckeye blooms and swaying lichen laces,
 And towering oak and bay?

In silken flowered Godetia's royal tintings,
 Empurpling banks and swells,
 In rich Mentzelias, Nature's golden mintings
 In blue Pentstemon bells?
 In soulful flowers of Courtesy's warm completeness,
 In genial words and ways,
 Making the sunshine vocal with the sweetness
 Of inexhaustive lays.

Have we not realized this downward gazing
 On this fair vale of ours?
 Or to the wrinkled hills our eyes upraising,
 Or to the sky-kissed towers,
 Crowned with the dome that "star-eyed Science" raises
 To Earth's most ancient art?
 Have we not heard thro' all our Father's praises
 Hymning to mind and heart?

And with the anthem, blent the pride and pleasure,
 That loyal hearts must feel
 At every glorious gift that swells the measure
 Of our loved Country's weal
 For, we, as dwellers in a Vale the fairest
 That smiles beneath the sun,
 How do we glory in the crown thou wearest
 The prestige thou hast won.

[tains
 Our Country's boast. Among the world's famed moun-

Uplift thy noble head,
 Proud Hamilton, for from thy Science fountains
 Shall starry lore be fed,
 And all who scale thy heights, O, pleasant duty !
 To search the starry skies.
 May feed with sights sublime ambrosial beauty,
 Their hearts and souls and eyes.
 And eagle-like from thy proud eyrie gazing
 Above us and afar
 May track thro' fields of space, the fiery blazing
 Of comet and of star;
 May watch the wrestling of the cosmic forces
 Evolve new worlds again,
 And trace the star-streams in their devious courses,
 Beyond all human ken.
 And thou, O Warder of a sacred duty,
 Thy work is grand and great,
 God speed it in its blended use and beauty,
 What triumphs on it wait !
 If the dead past could yield us back its sages,
 The giant minds of old.
 How they would marvel at the strides of ages,
 And what we now behold.
 May God be blessed for all the balms of beauty
 That art and Nature pour,
 A sense of healing and new strength for duty
 They yield us evermore;
 For in each marvel of His bright creations,
 And in each Art wrought gem,
 In strata folds, or glittering constellations
 We touch His garments' hem.
 And to the dust, and bustle, and commotion
 Of life we bear bright flowers,

And Memory wealth that yields us like the ocean,
 Refreshing dew and showers.
 Nor are these simple pleasures evanescent,
 Forever old yet new,
 What lovely landscapes hang forever present
 To glad the gazer's view !

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."
 Now while the wild oat bells,
 Ring out their silvery chimes, "Forever, Never !
 The dead days' funeral knells;
 And while on countless mustard spires out-gleaming
 We mark Faith's wayside cross,
 We hold our gains to-day as far exceeding
 The swift-winged moments loss.

As downward winding from the dome-crowned mountain,
 With armfuls of fair flowers,
 We count beside our path another fountain
 To feed our future hours.
 And gratefully our prayers to Heaven ascending
 Implore dear Friends, for you
 Who planned and shared the pleasures, joys unending
 Above the starry blue.

As bright with flowers be all your pathways, rising
 From sunny slope to slope,
 Crowned by fair vines and harvests, realizing
 Your ever fondest hope,
 Till on God's Heavenly Heights, Earth's triple range
 And road-spanned Vales o'erpast,
 Beyond all clouds of sorrows, cares and changes
 You'll reach Life's goal at last.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.

THE MOUNTAIN-GIRT VALLEY OF BEARE.

WHEN fanned by the halcyon breezes
 That down from the Indian Isles
 Career over Caribbean waters,
 Where summer eternally smiles,
 I've dreaht of thee, sweet, sunny Erin,
 And oft times away o'er the foam,
 In spirit, I lovingly wandered
 The haunts of my boyhood—my home;
 For, oh there is naught in the tropics
 In beauty, with thee can compare,
 Loved land of the bard and the *brehon*—
 Sweet Mountain-girt Valley of Beare.

Away where the calm Sacramento
 Rolls down over nuggets of gold,
 And thousands of freeman are herding
 Their flocks upon mountain and wold,
 I've sauntered when twilight was brooding,
 And sipped the delicious perfume
 Of oranges, limes and bananas,
 And trellised vines fair in their bloom;
 But oh, than the fair Occidental,
 There is one land I cherish more dear—
 'Tis the sweet happy home of my boyhood,
 The Mountain-girt Valley of Beare.

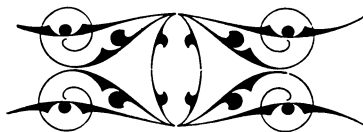
I've roamed thro' Yosemite Valley,
 And gazed with excessive delight
 On torrents that there, 'neath the sunshine,

Leap down inaccessible height;
 I've climbed the Sierras' proud summits,
 And basked in the sunshine and glow
 Of a beautiful, calm, Indian summer,
 By the waters of lonely Tahoe;
 But oh ! to my eye thou art fairest
 Of all fair climes of the sphere,
 To my heart thou art nearest and dearest—
 Sweet Mountain-girt Valley of Beare.

When the day-god's last lustre is gilding
 The slopes of the grand Golden State,
 And the modern Argonauts' fleet ships
 Come home through the famed Golden Gate
 I stray o'er the NEW EL DORADO,
 The land of the free and the blest,
 And sigh for that Emerald Island
 That gems the Atlantic's white crest;
 For fate, so relentless and cruel,
 Doth cause me to linger still here,
 And pine for my home by the ocean—
 The Mountain-girt Valley of Beare.

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REV. D. O. CROWLEY.



MY OLD LETTERS.

MEMORIES twined 'round scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that friendship loves to treasure.

'Round these precious missives twine,
 Hearts in friendship fondly linking,
 Pearls within our souls deep sinking,
 So that in hours of earnest thinking,

Every tender, treasured line
 Makes us haply bless each sender
 For the gentle words so tender,
 All affection true doth render,

Unto thine and mine:
 So each claim of hearts so loving,
 Ardently and sweetly proving
 That true friendship knows no roving
 From the rules of "auld lang syne,"
 Shall be cherished as the beaming
 Of warm sunshine brightly streaming,
 Lighting up the gloom with gleaming
 Of a radiant hopeful shine.

And as I, from out their niches
 Take my store of cherished riches,
 And in fondness con them o'er,
 Foremost find I fragrant flowers,
 From home-circles love-lit bowers
 Immortelles abloom, through showers,
 Pure and pearly evermore.

Then here, tender, sweet as early
 Violets, trembling 'neath their pearly

Weight of dew, are joyous missives

Still aglow with scenes of yore,
But Joy's glow, alas! is waning,
Here I trace the faint remaining
Link of friends of whom I often

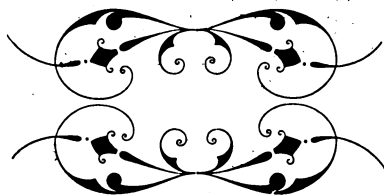
Think, and would recall once more.
Forms loved, lost, and gone forever
To that Heavenly bourne whence never
Come they back; the mystic river
They have crossed to God's bright shore.

Still no precious package slighting—
Lo! a dear, familiar writing
Bearing dates and foreign marking,
Waking scenes and joys now past,
Once again rare charms unfolding,
In rapt thrills my spirit holding,
With quaint tale of abbey olden,
Ivy-mantled, mouldering fast,
'Then Life's grace and schoolday features
Breathe from letters penn'd by teachers
Who as friends— and not as preachers—
Would defend us from Care's blast,
Missives, too, the message bearing,
How the rosy god, unsparing,
Weaves his flowery chains, uncaring
If they are too bright to last.

Fancy roves, fond memory dwelling
On each scene, the bosom swelling,
Finds one loving wish upwelling
In the calm, hushed holy even:
May each writer's life be bright as
Noonday's warmth of golden light, as
Firm as adamant in right, as

Pure as graces fair, God-given,
To the better part still clinging—
Faith, Hope, Love, new treasures bringing,
Till their souls a great flight winging,
Find all rest and joy in Heaven.

FANNIE DE C. MILLER.



NOW AND THEN.

WHEN our fondest dreams have faded,
 And our pinioned fancy lies
 In the dust with drooping plumage,
 From its soaring in the skies;
 When the fragile vase is broken,
 And lies shattered at our feet,
 Will we sigh o'er glittering fragments,
 And dispelled chimeras sweet?
 When the heart all faint and weary
 Seeks a truer world beyond,
 Where the ties are everlasting
 In the God-head's holy bond;
 When alone by Life's cool river,
 We shall lave the burning brow,
 Will the meaning flash before us
 Of the strange and cruel now?
 Will we ever see how Wisdom
 Causes light and shade to blend,
 How the dazzling glow would blind us
 If it lasted to the end;
 After lessons hard and bitter
 Will the wayward spirit learn—
 That the rarest fragrance rises
 From bruised blossoms in the urn?
 Aye in quiet retrospection,
 In the calm mirage of years,
 We shall see what now is hazy

Through the veil of blinding tears;
 With the din and turmoil over,
 We shall hear Life's finer notes,
 And will catch the soft vibration,
 As on Memory's wave it floats.

We shall trace the Father's guiding
 In the whole and perfect plan,
 With his loving care, providing
 What is always best for man;
 And amid Life's paradoxes
 We shall see with clearer eyes—
 How the weak ones were the mighty,
 And the foolish were the wise.

Oh! the many crystal fountains,
 From the rock our faith might bring;
 Oh! the priceless grace we forfeit,
 Through our ceaseless murmuring;
 Though the way is long and dreary
 It is rendered sweet by love,
 Have we not the wondrous manna
 Rained upon us from above?

When at last we wait, expectant
 Till this weary life shall cease,
 When we only look beyond us,
 To the shady realm of peace;
 When we see the bright dawn breaking
 O'er the hill-tops far away,
 Then the heart shall know no aching
 In that calm, eternal day.

ANNIE WYNNE

O FATHER! GUIDE MY FEET.



FATHER ! guide my feet
 That I may walk in paths that lead to Thee,
 E'en though the bitter sleet,
 Of wintry storms beat heavily on me.
 O, guide me safe to Thee !

 O, Father ! I have toiled,
 Faint-hearted oft, along Life's flinty road;
 And more than once recoiled,
 And tried to shirk my cross' heavy load;
 Too far seemed Thy abode.
 And then a sudden voice,
 Rising from some brown-throated singing bird,
 Would bid my soul rejoice,
 That through the distance once again I heard
 That Thou must be my choice.

 The whole wide universe
 Turns with deep rythm to Thy glorious powers,
 And we who here rehearse,
 Our petty aims for one, brief trial hour,
 We sing to thee no verse.

 We bring to Thee no praise,
 That equals bird, or bloom, or woodland rill,
 Or sunshine of glad days,
 Where Nature wisely owns Thy sovereign will,
 And never from it strays.

 'Tis with the setting sun,

When worn with toil we cry aloud to Thee,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done;"

O, Father shed Thy light afar on me,
 And guide me safe to Thee.

O, Father guide my feet...

That they may walk in paths that lead to Thee;
 Though fiercest summer heat,

Or winter storms beat heavily on me,

O, guide me safe to Thee !

AGNES M. MANNING.



OCTOBER PICTURES.

SEAGUES of plain where gold and umber blend and
 merge in wondrous tinting;
 Mountains east and west arising, giant warders proud
 and high;
 Rivers where the white-armed plane-trees fling abroad
 their autumn banners;
 Woodlands opening in dim vistas, scenes of beauty to
 the eye;

 Cottage homes in shade embower'd, from whose lowly
 chimneys rising
 Soar the curling smoke-wreaths softly out upon the
 frosty air,
 As o'er Santa Anna's summit glows the morning sun
 in splendor,
 Making all the southern valley smile in beauty rich
 and rare.

 But the iron horse speeds northward, and we watch
 the shifting vision—
 Hill and river, wood and mountain, and each quiet
 country home—
 Till we pass the forest arches, and to westward see
 El Toro.
 Lifting up his wreath'd forehead proudly to the azure
 dome;

 At his feet the crumbling ruins of the old adobe lying,
 'Neath whose roof so oft were sheltered priest and
 statesman, bard and sage,

Where the warrior from the battle, and the rich and
 poor were welcomed
 By the smiling lips of beauty, and the reverent voice
 of age.

Onward still, the glorious sunlight painting many a
 fairy picture
 On the treeless eastern mountains, on the wooded
 western slopes,
 Making brighter still the orchards, ruddier still the
 laden vineyards,
 Haloing fields where plenteous harvests, crown the
 happy farmer's hopes.

Westward, half by hills encircled, we behold the calm
 Laguna,
 Eastward, close beside the roadway, the coyote's
 winding course—
 Now a scarcely flowing streamlet, but, when winter
 storms are raging,
 Bearing all a torrents swiftmess, all a river's angry
 force.

Here the hills draw close together until fancy loves to
 picture
 These low points by nature welded in a strong un-
 broken chain,
 Till the hand of the All-Seeing smote the jagged rocks
 asunder,
 That the springs which feed the river might send trib-
 ute to the main.

Once again the valley widens, stretching out in broad
 expanses
 Where the power of toil is striving, striving for the
 mastery yet,

And we see the untamed beauty of the panorama
fading,

With a feeling strangely blended, half of sadness and
regret.

But the sun has veiled his splendor, and gray, rolling
clouds of vapor

Hide the blue sky bending o'er us, sweep o'er mountain
side and glen,

Till like spectres dim and ghost-like, gleams afar the
fair outlining

Of the white-walled hamlet, clustered on the hills of
Almaden.

How the busy hand of labor leaves its trace on all
around us,

And we muse upon the progress of the swiftly passing
years !

On the changes they have witnessed, on the blessings
they have brought us,

Do we muse while gliding onward past the lonely "Hill
of Tears."

And the friends whom once we cherished— how our
hearts go out to meet them !

Thoughts of hours we spent together, thoughts of days
forever fled,

As we gaze upon the cypress, and the flowers that love
has planted

'Round the silent streets and dwellings of the, City of
the Dead."

Lo ! beyond the stately poplars in their flaming robes
of yellow,

And the grove-like groups of foliage all in autumn
tintings gay,

Rise to heaven the soaring spires and the stately
domes that tell us
We are near our goal and entering thy fair city, San
Jose!

San Jose! — the name-like magic calls to mind the
olden Pueblo,
With its quaint, white-walled adobes, and its quiet
streets and lanes
Through which toiled the rude carretas, and the cov-
ered wagons, bearing
To new homes the household treasures of the 'Pilgrims
of the Plains.

Now how changed! A mighty city stretches where
then herds were straying
With its fair and lofty temples, and its halls where
learning rules,
Where from distant homes assemble children of each
clime and nation,
Quaffing here in draughts that strengthen all the wis-
dom of the schools.

Streets through which the waves of traffic beat from
early dawn till twilight,
Lined with homes where joy abideth, and with palaces
of trade;
And within her walls are gathered all the wealth of art
and science,
And the boasted powers of progress 'neath her ban-
ners are arrayed.

Oh! she sits a queen of beauty 'mid her brightly beam-
ing gardens
With her far-famed Alameda leading out toward the
west;

And she views the peerless valley that has yearly paid
her tribute
In the wine and oil and corn, garnered from her fertile
breast.

Lo! where once the sheltering willows lured the
loitering breeze to wander,
Now the scent of fragrant apples perfumes the October
air,
And a wilderness of beauty, homesteads, vineyards,
orchards, verging
On the smooth and level roadway, greets the traveler
everywhere.

City rich in wealth unbounded, rich in homes of ease
and comfort,
Great in all that art or nature can devise to give thee
grace,
Royal in thy wondrous dower, in thy manifold poss-
essions,
Queen by right of years of queenhood, queen by right
of power and place!

Queen of hearts whose love, so loyal, years of change
have left unaltered,
Faithful still as when unclouded shone the halcyon
days of youth,
Still we meet the same, warm welcome from the smil-
ing lips of friendship,
That are sanctified forever by the holy chrism of Truth.

Blessings on thee, blessings on them, that their hearts
and homes, rejoicing,
Be refreshed in fullest measure by each influence
divine!

And the fairest gifts and graces, and the rarest, sweet-
est pleasures,
I dwell within thee, flow around them, is the wish that
we would twine.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.



OLD AGE.

Q QUESTION—

Will aught bring back the early bloom,
 The dull and fading eyes illumine,
 Restore the round and dimpled chin,
 Or smooth the aged, wrinkled skin?
 Will aught renew its changing tint,
 The rosy smiles of youth reprint,
 Or tune the feeble quaking moan,
 To youths harmonious silver tone?

ANSWER—

No art nor skillful hand can e'er
 The blighting touch of Time repair;
 When once his lasting work's begun,
 The ruthless blight is ne'er undone.
 The fairer was the beauteous glow
 The more the faded tinges show;
 The brighter was the youthful brow,
 The darker seems its ruin now;
 The blither was the voice when young,
 The more we miss its strains unsung.
 Succeeding gifts, from birth to prime,
 Are mile-stones on the road of Time.
 As rainbow hues at morning spread
 In bright and transient beams o'erhead,
 So oft fortell the future gloom
 'Tis even thus with beauty's bloom.

ROSE O'HALLORAN.

OUR HOPES.

AS we stand by the low sea-shore
 And watch the white ships sailing
 Away to some distant land,
 In our eyes comes a tearful failing
 Which we do not understand.
 When the ships are home returning
 With a cargo of rich treasure,
 Over the lonely sea,
 In our eyes a light of pleasure
 And a sweet serenity.
 When our souls are weary and wretched
 And we send our hopes a sailing
 On the future's unknown sea,
 In our hearts is a dismal failing,
 And a sad uncertainty.
 When our hopes return full-freighted
 With promise and joy and treasure
 Unto our hands again
 In our hearts is a nameless pleasure
 That banishes every pain !

CHARLES ANTHONY DOYLE.

OVER THE SEA.

OVER the sea, the beautiful sea,
 A white-winged message is waited to me;
 Over the waves and frolicsome spray
 Where the sunbeams dance and the mermaids play
 From a peaceful home in the Mohawk vale,
 Fragrant with blossoms that fill each gale,
 Like a breath from a better world to me
 Is this loving message from over the sea.

Over the sea, the calm summer sea,
 Home-like pictures referred to me.
 Faces and scenes that I loved so well
 Came about me a mystic spell.
 And down through the wearisome vista of years,
 They are shining again in a haze of tears.
 Rising before me sweet memories of thee,
 Shall I come over the blue sea.

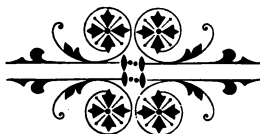
A orange-bud and white the sky to me,
 The stars and the lowering June,
 The dew-damp grass and the silver fern
 Of inland creek and mossy-green stream,
 Where we parted our souls and vowed to part
 The long bright hours of the summer day,
 The merry days of our old days
 Are they not coming back to me over the sea?

But time's little moments that sweep the air
 And change the shadow of a day,
 And that the good from the evil and home

Afar in the great wide world to roam;
The young are grown, the familiar place
Is lighted by many a stranger face
And some rest under the Church-yard tree,
Just beside the old homestead over the sea.

Home of my childhood, over the sea,
My truant heart turns fondly to thee,
For there I know there is perfect rest
From the billows of trouble and care's behest;
And often I think I shall wander again
Away from the noisy haunts of men,
To find that coveted peace with thee,
Beautiful home o'er the murmuring sea.

ANNIE WYNNE.



A PERFECT DAY.

COUNT that alone a perfect day,
 When with the folding leaves at night,
 An inward voice may softly say:
 "You've done your best since morning light.
 Your best, which always must be poor,
 With human heart, 'neath human sway;
 But when you've done it swift and sure,
 Count that alone a perfect day.

The sunlight trembles on the sea,
 The soft breeze dies away in sleep,
 The birds of passage wild and free,
 Fly fearless home across the deep.
 They turn not east they turn not west,
 But with true instinct keep their way;
 When you, too, know your path is best,
 Count that alone a perfect day.

When you have soothed a wounded heart,
 And turned aside from grim despair
 Some hopeless wretch; and kept apart
 A soul and sin, with help and prayer,
 When you, at night, on bended knees,
 With conscience clear can truly say:
 O, God! What am I more than these?
 Count that alone a perfect day.

When the last sunset tints your sky,
 And golden gleams are on the hills,
 While on your couch of pain you lie,

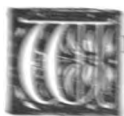
Strange music all the silence fills,
A new life-current, strong and clear,
Is yours; around glad hymns of praise,
And then you know the voices near,
Are angels of your perfect days.

AGNES M. MANNING.



THE POWER OF TEARS.

[FROM THE VERBALS OF LUTHER.]



THE comfort sweet is from a fount that flows for the
 poor man.

Like a healing valleying at inner heart and
 head.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are wounded and full of
 sweetest pain.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sorrow-bath in the
 blessed pain.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sweetest and power-
 ful and true.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sweetest and true—
 a healing and true.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sweetest and true—
 a healing and true.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sweetest and true—
 a healing and true.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sweetest and true—
 a healing and true.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sweetest and true—
 a healing and true.

Thy tears, dear Jesus, are sweetest and true—
 a healing and true.

And should there wind around thee a shroud of
troublous night;
Soon, when, with weeping reddened, thine eyes
have ceased to gleam,
The dawn will break, and morning shed o'er thee
its kindly beam.

D. W. C. NESFIELD.



THE REWARD OF HILARITY.

CHAPTER SECOND—IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. THE FROTHING CHILD.

THE Christmas Eve—and a merry time
From the first snow, a blizzard came
Her power to laugh and to sing
Was made for the Christmas time—
She smiled at the candle-light's glow
Shine from her dressing, in the snow—
Then signed "Oh, what a very fine
On Christmas Eve, what a time!"
She sat up at the long wall,
Resolute through the twiling rain,
And in a while, so very and sweet
Knock tapped at her door—
"Poor dear," she said, "you shall not dream
On Christmas Eve, what a time!"

PART II. THE SOLITARY WAIT.

Not at the village's cheerful flame,
Within her cottage, sat the dame,
The sheltered woman at her knee,
Smiled sweetly on the Christmas Tree,
And on the children's eager joy
To share with him each gift and toy—

(So great their love for those who roam
On Christmas Eve, without a home !)

PART III. THE HEAVENLY VISION.

Lo ! round them shone a sudden light
And in the midst, with pinions bright,
The seeming waif, the homeless child
A joyous angel on them smiled !
One hand was stretched in blessing fond,
The other, to the skies beyond
Serenely pointed,—throned in air
They saw the Christmas Vision fair !
The Mother, Maid, the Child Divine,
The blessed Joseph's face benign,
The kneeling shepherds, and the kings,
With store of richest offerings,
While o'er them bowed a seraph throng,
And sweetly pealed their "Gloria" song—
Then spake the angel; (well they heard
Above the hymn, each precious word—)
Lo ! 'tis *your* privilege to see,
As sweet reward of Charity,
The Holy Family—they who reign
In Heaven's Infinite Domain—
Yet forced o'er selfish Earth to roam
One Christmas Eve without a home !

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (MARIE.)

Mountains towering high in cloudland
Guard the green vale from the loud and
 Boisterous ocean breeze;
While the wild, weird pines' sad moaning
In the soft calm hush of gloaming
Sets our saddest memories roaming
 Like the scattered autumn leaves.
But the friendly tones of gladness,
That dispel all fear and sadness,
 Gently fill the listening ear;
For though sands of life be fleeting,
Tender memories of that meeting,
With its warm and welcome greeting
 Shall e'er be cherished here;
As among the happiest hours
Spent in Friendship's sacred bowers
 With our well-loved kinsman dear.
May his life be ever pleasant
As his beauty-girdled present
And his weal be ever crescent,
 Crowned with Love's unfading cheer.

FANNIE DE C. MILLER.



SOUTHERN CROSS.

WHENEVER those southern seas I sail,
 I find my eyes instinctive turning
 Where, pure and marvelously pale,
 Four sacred stars are brightly burning.
 A star is set above the Thorns;
 Two mark the bleeding Palms extended;
 And one the wounded Feet adorns,—
 In four the potent cross is blended.
 One only hand had power to place
 The symbol there, and that immortal;
 Those fair, celestial fires may grace
 And beautify the heavenly portal.
 Whatever darger I may meet
 Upon the wild, disastrous ocean,
 Still turn my trusting eyes to greet
 That flaming cross with true devotion.
 Nor cease my willing heart, to give
 Thy prayers and every just endeavor;
 For only by the Cross I live,
 And by the Cross I live forever.

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

NO longer bloom of spring, nor gold
 Of our bright summer's hazy fold
 Veiling fair Nature's face:
 But chill November's cloud-wreathed skies,
 Even as a mother's tear-dimmed eyes,
 Over our sunset paradise,
 Bend with a tender grace:
 As if they mourned the leaves and flowers,
 And vanished beauty of our bowers—
 Gone with the swift declining hours
 Of Autumn's goodly race.
 But what reck we of hours that fleet,
 Since Nature's *bitter* is our *sweet*,
 As on St. Andrew's Day we meet
 To speed Time on apace.
 As Scotchmen's hearts in union beat,
 And hands are clasped in friendship sweet
 In cordial cheer old friends we greet,
 The festive board to grace.
 Our festal gem! the bonniest, best
 That crowns the richly jewelled crest
 Of all the passing year;
 St. Andrew's Day—thou welcome guest!
 Thou spell of peace, and hope, and rest
 To every laddie's loyal breast
 A steady light and clear—
 To thee we raise our bumpers fair,
 Sparkling with ruddy wine so rare,

We pledge our faith—our truth we swear—
 To Scotland ever dear.
 Land of the minstrel's deathless lyres,
 Land of the spirit's quenchless fires,
 Land of our noble patriot sires
 Land that our hearts revere !

Scotland, beloved ! how memory yearns
 For thy fair glens, thy feathery ferns,
 And Highland blossoming heather;
 Our wandering *hearts*, where'er we roam,
 Tho' far from Scotia's sheltering home,
 'Neath lowliest roof or stateliest dome,
 In fair or stormy weather;
 Still on St. Andrew's welcome Day,
 Drive every cloud of gloom away,
 And pledge the love that binds for aye
 Thy loyal sons together.

FANNIE DE C. MILLER.



THE STORM.

THE King of the icy North
 Once summoned his hordes in glee—
 Once summoned and sent them forth
 To raid upon land and sea.
 They swept on their course of death
 Through the fields that so late were fair,
 And chilled with their freezing breath
 The blossoms found springing there.

 With a wild, far-ringing shout
 They tore from the old oak's clasp
 The garland of summer leaves
 Still fluttering within its grasp;
 A volume of wrath they poured
 In the voice of the mountain pines
 And smote a discordant chord
 On the harp of the shining vines.

 Then out to the sea they passed,
 And the mariner's cheek grew pale
 At the crash of the falling mast
 And the flap of the wind-torn sail,
 As down to the south they sped,
 And roused from their tranquil rest
 The sprites of the mist whose bed
 Lies under the ocean's breast.

 Then, mounting the skies once more,
 Back, back on the whirlwind's wing
 They came with the tempest's roar

To the home of the fierce Storm- King,
And told of the ruin wild
In the paths which their steps pursued,
The wasted fields where they passed,
The snow on the hill-tops strewed.

Then the Storm-King laughed aloud,
And his hoarse, loud notes of glee
Rolled out of the thunder-cloud
And echoed along the sea;
The hills to their great hearts shook
With a thrill as of sudden fear,
And echoes awakened from their sleep
And answered: "O King, we hear!"

Then the lance of the lightning leaped
From the sheath of the blackest cloud,
And the winds in their anger shrieked
Till the crest of the wood was bowed;
While pitiless, drear and, cold
Was the fall of the driving rain,
Till the writing of ruin shone
On the desolate, sodden plain.

But the sun with its shining wand
The clouds from his pathway flung;
And over the east in light
The bow of fair promise hung.
Then the Angel of Hope sang clear:
"In patience await. We bring
In the wake of the wasting storm
All blessings to crown the spring."

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

SUNSET.

THE evening's genius with his sword of flame,
Guards well the portal of the dying day.
His lance of light he strikes against the hills,
Upon the highest breaks its glancing ray,
He marshals grandly on a crimson sea,
His cloudships navy's golden argosy,
Whose flaunting banners in the sunset glow,
Bids brave defiance to the dark'ning foe,
Who swift advancing, o'er him softly flings
The purple shadow of the twilight's wings,
Till war's red flush, before the night-winds breath,
Fades out into the sullen gray of death,
And star-eyed Night, prevailing all too soon,
Hangs out the silver sickle of the moon.

ANNA MORRISON REED.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.



F sweethearts were sweethearts always,
 Whether as maid or wife,
 No drop would be half so pleasant
 In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes
 When the wife has frowns and sighs,
 And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
 For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always,
 The same to sweetheart and wife,
 Who would change for a future of Eden
 The joys of this chequered life.

But husbands grow grave and silent,
 And cares on the anxious brow
 Oft replace the sunshine that perished
 At the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
 Is wife and sweetheart still—
 Whose voice as of old can charm,
 Whose kiss, as of old can thrill;

Who has plucked the rose, to find ever
 Its beauty and fragrance increase,
 As the flush of passion is mellowed
 In loves unmeasured peace.

Who sees in the step a lightness,

Who finds in the form a grace,
Who reads an unaltered brightness
In the witchery of the face.

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah ! happy
Is he, crowned with such a life,
Who drinks the wife, pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart, the wife !

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



SWEET MOTHER.

IN crimson bars the sunset lies,
 Across the gold of Western skies,
 Its glories flood the sleepy sea,
 Whose little waves steal up to me,
 With silver voices sighing;
 The sea-bird seeks its lonely home,
 Amid wild cliffs and billows foam,
 Where the bright day is dying,
 And far away my swift thought flies
 To the long grass that o'er thee lies,
 Sweet Mother !

The ships sail in, the ships sail out,
 Old Tamalpais has rolled about
 His hoary head, a cowl of mist,
 With halo of pale amethyst
 Upon the beach, I, sitting,
 See neither ships, nor sea nor sky,
 But with hushed breath once more draw nigh,
 Where the soft shadows flitting,
 Steal in and out above thy grave;
 Of all this earth, O, best and brave !
 Sweet Mother !

The years roll back— no twilight gloom,
 But sunshine fills the well-known room;
 Old pictures smile upon each wall,
 Glad voices to each other call,
 Without the birds are singing,

And sunny heads of brown and gold,
Cluster to hear old stories told—

Across the ages ringing—
How went the knights from hills and glades,
To battle in the brave crusades.

Sweet Mother.

And when the shadows come apace,
Well each one knows the 'customed place
And all in the response share,
While thy voice leads the evening prayer,
O voice of sweet low pleading !

I hear it now adown the years,
Through all the mists of time and tears,
With love our lives still leading,
Our human lives with human needs,
To nobler aims, to higher deeds,

Sweet Mother !

Where are those heads of brown and gold ?
The fairest lies 'neath church-yard mould.
One found his long and lonely sleep,
Where winds their minor music keep,
The great waves o'er him rushing.
The rest how far apart they stray
The brown and gold now touched with gray,
The swift years swifter pushing,
Unto the shoreless, shadowy sea,
Beyond where Love awaits with thee,

Sweet Mother.

AGNES M. MANNING.

TO A GAS JET.

 OUT OF DARKNESS — LIGHT.



golden flame, that forever the same,
 Bursts nightly on my sight,
 I have known thee long, and have blest thy song
 Of "out of darkness,—light."

For thy cheery strain, through toil or pain
 Hath been like a prophet's word,
 And oft, O Soul of the grimy Coal,
 My inmost heart hath stirred.

With hope and cheer in doubt and fear,
 As I thought of thy gloomy past,
 And I said, 'O heart do well thy part
 And the light will break, at last.'

For if such a soul, from the dusky coal,
 Springs forth 'neath a master's hand,
 From our hours of care, shall not joys as fair
 Uprise at God's command?

So night after night, I hailed thy light,
 As a mentor and a friend,
 For I learned to know that whatever the woe
 A joy would crown the end.

That out of the gloom, like Eschscholtzia's bloom
 From its prisoning calyx fold,
 Some glorious light would burst on my sight,

With its heavenly flame of gold.

But I hail to-night, thy cheery light,
 With a deeper meaning fraught,
 Thou art more akin than thou ever hast been
 To human life and thought.

I have seen the strife of thy inner life
 Laid bare to the gazer's eye,
 Child of Austral Isles, I who knew but thy smiles
 Have heard thy sob and sigh.

I, who knew but thy flame forever the same,
 Serenely calm and bright,
 Now understand that thy self-command
 Was won in a hard fought fight.

I have seen the fire of the martyr pyre,
 And the ordeal thou hast passed.
 But thy race is run, and the goal is won,
 And the crown is thine at last.

But from grimy coal to the gleaming goal
 How many a step between !
 That struggle and strife with danger rife,
 From the shale to the sparkling sheen.

'Thro' the fire of pain to the Upper main,
 And down to the Central Seal,
 Then to and fro must thy fierce flame go,
 Like the soul, ere it can feel.

That purified from Earth's stains and pride,
 Chastened and cool and bright,
 It is fit to shine, as a thing divine,
 And lend the world its light.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.

TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.



SWEET Sister, with the calm dark eyes,
 And pale, pure face that rarely smiles,
 I see thee where the sunrise lies
 In glints athwart the old church aisles.
 Thou prayest long, thou prayest well,
 The good Lord sure must hark to thee;
 At matin call, or vesper bell,
 Sweet Sister, add one prayer for me.

Once in a cold and narrow home,
 Where want and dull despair held sway,
 I saw thee like an angel come,
 And smiling drive the fiends away.
 With shining eyes, with outstretched hands,
 The hungry children rushed to thee;
 The mother moaned while ebb'd life's sands,
 "Sweet Sister, wont you pray for me?"

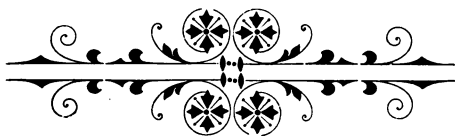
Again, within the fever ward,
 Where tossed disease, and deadly sin,
 The sufferers turned with one accord,
 When your soft steps came lightly in.
 A dying youth, with long fair hair,
 And eyes that scarce could see,
 Called out, "Thou art an angel fair,
 Sweet Sister, pray one prayer for me?"

The twilight on the Convent falls,
 The pale stars come out one by one,
 The shadows creep across the walls,

The day with all its toil is done.
Out of the mists from some fair star,
A myriad host comes swift to keep
Their vigil chimes with note or bar,
Sweet sister, through thy hours of sleep.

And you full well you know their words,
They sing of lands to us unknown;
Through all the waking hours the chords
In thy heart find an answering tone.
And this is why in the dark eyes,
That wrapt and far-off look I see;
Thou'rt not for earth but Paradise.
Sweet Sister, there, Oh pray for me !

AGNES M. MANNING.



TOM MOORE.



THE Legends were dim and forgotten,
 Neglected the harp and unstrung,
 And the sad, sweet lore of the nation
 Grew strange on her children's tongue,
 When out of the ranks of the people
 Sprang a bard, like the flash of a blade,
 And the world stood passive and wondered
 At the weird, sweet music he made.

As the west wind that breathes of the summer,
 Wins the chilled buds to fragrance and bloom,
 So the strains of the God-gifted comer
 Won the genius of song from its tomb,
 From the old abbeys, ruined and hoary
 From the castles that frowned o'er the sea,
 He wove a romance and a story
 As he chanted the hymns of the free.

What pathos he wrung from that shattered
 That time-worn harp when again
 He swept its strings, breathing of sorrow,
 Of love and oppression and pain—
 Of pain and of passion the deepest—
 Like wine in the ripeness of years
 The richer because of the glimpses
 Of smiles through its burden of tears.

It began, as the promise of dawning
 Empurples the clouds of the night.
 It grew till, like landscapes at noon-tide,

The land was aglow with its light.
 To-day it is mellow and tender,
 Half mirthful, half sad, and all pure,
 As it teaches the children of Ireland
 To be faithful and strong to endure.

In the far battle-fields of the stranger,
 By the camp-fires of France and of Spain,
 On the eve of the morrow of danger,
 The bivouac rang with its strain—

Now low, like the summer-tides throbbing
 On the beaches of Ireland, and then,
 Like the winter gales, raging and sobbing
 In the hearts of those strife-worn men.

Oh ! bard of our own land, thy laurels
 Are brighter than ever to-day,
 As we tread the dark pathway of sorrow,
 And struggle towards liberty's ray.

For the songs you have taught us have cheered us;
 And when we have conquered, be sure
 The first toast, the first pledge of our freedom,
 Shall be to thy memory, Tom Moore !

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



THE TOUCH OF A MOTHER'S HAND.



YOU may go now and sit by his bed,
 Step noiselessly in and silent keep;
 Do not disturb him the doctor has said,
 It may be death if you break his sleep."

"I will keep most still—yon can trust me to go;
 I can nurse him better than any one,
 Don't think me ungrateful—your kindness I know
 God will reward you for what you have done."

She passed through the ward; and jokes and mirth,
 And murmurs and cries of anguish cease;
 And there came a calm, such as falls on earth
 When an angel speeds on a mission of peace.

Many a dying one, as she passed,
 To bless her feebly lifted his head;
 And she came where a young soldier lay at last,
 And she knelt down silently by his bed.

He was only a boy, wounded and weak;
 And one could scarcely discern, in truth,
 Whether the ruddy hue on his cheek
 Was the fever flush or the flush of youth.

As she knelt by his bed on the oaken floor,
 He spoke in his dreams to an absent one;
 "Lily, I will come back once more,
 And we will be wed when the war is done."

Her hand on his forehead unthinking, she laid,

As his feverish face she gently fanned;
 And the dying soldier awaking said;
 "That feels like the touch of my mother's hand."

Then around the ward his eyes wildly roam,
 Till they rest on a pale and wrinkled face—
 "Mother!" "My child!" I knew you would come."
 And she clasped her boy in a fond embrace.

"And so the romance of love is o'er;
 When I am gone you must bid her not fret—
 Tell her to think of me no more;
 Mother I will not ask you to forget.

A moment since I was dreaming of home;
 A child once more I lay down to rest,
 And I thought to my bedside you had come
 And blessed me as you often blessed.

"I wake to find that my dream is true,
 And that over many a weary mile
 The old fond love has guided you
 To see your boy for a little while.

"I did not think that life had in store
 For me such an exquisite joy as this—
 To feel the touch of your hand once more,
 To feel on my brow once more your kiss.

"Then rest your hand on my fevered brow;
 Kiss me again—but you must not weep,
 Smile as of old—I am happy now,
 Good-by for awhile: I will go to sleep.

"Good-by, good-by! I am reconciled,"
 And she kissed his brow; "but 'tis hard to part;
 Ah! do not blame these tears, my child,
 They are welling up from a mother's heart."

"Good-by, good-by ! I will soon awake
Where again we will meet in the better land."
Then he slept: 'twas the sleep that naught could
break—
Not even the touch of a mother's hand.

R. E. WHITE.



UNFORTIFIED.



MINE was a plant of tropic growth,
 In fragrance and in beauty both
 Excelling far those hardy gems
 Of Northern climes, whose lusty stems,
 The winters blast; the ruthless sting
 Of raging winds, greet, conquering.

I nursed it with a jealous care,
 And brought a cultured skill to bear
 In coaxing into perfect bloom
 The buds;—yet heedless of the doom
 That lurks about a feeble life,
 Defenseless left it for the strife.

One day I let the noon-tide ray,
 Unchecked amid my blossoms play.
 They gloried in its warm embrace;
 They drooped their heads with coyish grace.
 The sunshine kissed and mocking fled
 To leave them pulseless, withered,—Dead.

I gazed upon the blighted flower,
 And mused about the cruel power
 That scorched with fond caressing flame.
 And, while I mused my plant became
 A maiden rich in maiden ways,
 Who perished in life's dazzling maze.

K. M. NESFIELD.

UNUM DEUM.

“ THOU shalt have no gods before me !”
 Solemnly the warning words,
 Swept with thrills of awe and worship
 All my soul's responsive chords
 “By the skies my hands have fashioned,
 By the earth my feet have trod,
 Thou shalt have no gods before me,
 I alone am Lord and God.”

Bending lowly down I murmured:
 “Lord to Thee be prayer and praise,
 All the glory of our midnights,
 All the gladness of our days,
 All the sunshine of our being,
 All the joys that life hath known.
 All the beauty and the rapture,
 Of creation's every tone.

All the flowers that bloom around us,
 All the stars that burn above,
 Who but Thou, O God, hast loved us,
 With an everlasting love ?”
 Bending lowly down I murmured:
 “Lord I worship none but Thee !”
 But the warning voice made answer,
 “Enter into self and see.”

“See if Duty never falters
 Treading Passion's flaming pyres,
 See if in Life's golden censers
 There are kindled no strange fires;

See if fairer flowers are wreathing
 For no other love than mine,
 See if in thy spirit's temple
 There is but one only shrine."

From the thoughtlessness and laughter,
 From the tumult, from the din,
 Flinging back the yielding portals
 Of my heart, I entered in.
 There were strains of tenderest feeling,
 There was lamplight's streaming glare,
 There were wreaths of rising incense
 Breathing perfume on the air.

There was music's thrill of rapture,
 There were brightly beaming flowers;—
 O my God , how many an idol
 Reigns within these hearts of ours !
 Rome's and India's temples never
 Held so countless an array,
 Never pagan yielded blinder
 Homage to his god's of clay.

Pouring out the full libation
 Of their wild, adoring trust.
 Truth and Duty low prostrated,
 Kiss at Passion's feet, the dust;
 Self and Pride and human Glory,
 Rear their towering shrines on high;
 God ! to say we love Thee only,
 Seems a mockery and a lie !

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.

WAITING FOR THE RAIN



H! the Earth is weary waiting

Waiting for the rain—

Waiting for the fresh'ning showers,
Wakening all her slumb'ring powers,
With their dewy moisture sating
Thirsty hill and plain—

O, the earth is weary waiting,
Waiting for the rain!

O the earth is weary, longing,
Longing for the rain—

Longing for the cloud-wrapt mountains—
Longing for the leaping fountains,
With their clamorous murmurs thronging
To the silent plain—

O, the earth is weary longing,
Longing for the rain.

O, the Earth is pained with throbbing
Throbbing for the rain—

Pained to see the valley fading
Pained to see the frost's red braiding
Pained to hear the north wind's sobbing
O'er her fields of grain—

O, the Earth is pained with throbbing
Throbbing for the rain.

O, the Earth is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the rain—

Sighing for the green grass springing,
And the fragrant wild flowers bringing

Beauty— ere the clover dying
 Sear the wintry plain—
 O, the Earth is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the rain,
 Sore with restlessness and throbbing
 Throbbing for the rain—
 While along the upturn'd furrow
 Busy rooks and blackbirds burrow,
 From her wide-spread gardens robbing
 Wealth of scattered grain—
 O, the Earth is very weary,
 Waiting for the rain.
 Waiting restlessly yet weary
 Waiting for the rain—
 For the crystal tear-drops clinging
 To the wild oats fresh-lip springing,
 And the voices blending cheery
 With the wild bird's strain—
 O, the Earth is sad and weary
 Waiting for the rain.
 And our human hearts grow weary,
 Throbbing day by day—
 Thirsting for the fresh'ning showers
 O'er the dreams of future hours,
 While the present, never sating,
 Glides unfelt away—
 Oh ! the heart is weary, weary,
 Through its life-long day.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.

WAS IT BEST.

[Suggested by reading James W. Riley's poem, "Nothin' to Say,"]

“NOTHING to say, my daughter, nothing at all to say.”

He smoothed my hair a little, in his old, simple way;

Once more he kissed me kindly and then he rose to go,

And down the garden pathway I watched his footsteps slow.

And then a thought came o'er me; it struck me to the heart—

My childhood's days were over—the time had come to part—

And, in my chosen future should I so surely find
A heart as true and faithful as that I leave behind?

I knew that Stephen loved me; his tenderness might seem

To linger round my footsteps and haunt my every dream;

I knew he held me dearer than all on earth beside;
His love was strong and earnest—but had that love been tried?

Had that fond heart been with me in Life's first helpless years,

Stood patient by my cradle and dried my baby tears?

Watched o'er my budding girlhood and nursed
from day to day

The flower that another must pluck and bear
away ?

Would this new-found affection endure through
weal and woe,

As faithful and unselfish as that I used to know—
A love so deep and holy that the Great God above
Hath breathed His own pure Spirit into a father's love ?

But I must meet these chances; the time has come
for me

To call myself a woman and face my destiny;
To leave this sheltered harbor and wander forth
alone

Upon this wide-spread ocean, so vast, so little
known.

I leave you now, dear father, but with an aching
heart;

It is the voice of Heaven that calls me to depart
Yet, though another image my inmost heart may
fill,

I never can forget you—I am your daughter
still.

May God be with you, father, when I am far away,
And bless the tranquil hours of Life's declining
day;

For who can guard you better than the kind Friend
above,

Who from the little manger smiled on a parent's
love ?

SARAH C. BURNETT.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

BEFORE the world had left its mark
 On early thoughts and feelings,
 When life had nothing dim or dark,
 But bloomed with sweet revealings,
 A fairy sponsor gave my nurse
 A glittering charmed mirror,
 Whose use might bring a bliss or curse—
 To merge, or save, from error.

 My glance should never stray, beyond
 Its margin, gemmed and golden,
 And there would friends for aye be found,
 But nothing gray or olden;
 “Guard well the boy”, my sponsor said,
 “The gift may shield from sorrow,
 But if the mirror turns his head,
 Let him beware the morrow.”

 Ah me ! how sweet the world showed
 From every grand reflection,
 How flowers sprung up on every road,
 In every heart affection !
 Life seemed so dear, so full of joy,
 So free from sin and error—
 Day after day the foolish boy
 Still gloated o’er his mirror.

 But in an hour of careless thought
 The magic glass was broken.
 Alas ! for wisdom dearly bought,

The dreamer's eyes were open.
 Amid the flowers that strewed his way,
 Peeped thorns, sharp and threatening;
 From pleasure fell her rich array,
 And left a spectre beckoning

To charnel houses, rank and damp,
 With ruined hopes and blisses,
 Where grim remorse had set her stamp
 On memories of lost kisses.

"Can this be she, before whose shrine
 I bowed?" cried I in wonder,
 "Then am I blest, thou nurse of mine,
 Thy mirror fell asunder.

Perhaps, had I been more discreet,
 And clung less to the real,
 I still might bathe in visions sweet,
 Still worship the ideal.
 Imagination, too intense,
 Soon loses all its glory,
 But, mingled well with common sense,
 Makes life a pleasant story.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.



WINTER'S SUMMER VISITOR.

TO the dawn gates opened wide
 For the frowning winter-day
 Came a smiling summer-bride,
 Robed in gorgeous raiment gay—
 Through the misty bars she peeped—
 Saw the grief of hill and plain,
 Then with joyous impulse leaped
 Into winter's dark domain—
 As she sped, her shining veil
 Floated outward, fold on fold—
 Shedding o'er the sky so pale
 Flush of crimson, flame of gold—
 Startled by her shining eyes,
 Wakened by her balmy breath,
 Ran a thrill of glad surprise
 Through the dreary realm of death—
 Robed in green, the grateful Earth,
 Swept the dead leaves from her tomb,
 And to new and blissful birth
 Blithely called her burried bloom.
 Upward sprang each blossom sweet,
 With the dew-gems on her breast,
 Strewed the path and kissed the feet
 Of the radiant Summer guest—
 While the merry minstrel throng,
 And the dancing brooklets gay
 Brought their gifts of gleeful song
 To the bright and balmy day,

That astray from Summer's heart,
 Took the frowning Winter's place—
 Thus to give with tenderest art
 Glimpses of her future grace
 To the sad and silent Earth—
 Ice-bound slave ! remembering
 Nought, amid her dreary dearth,
 Of the coming joys of spring.

So the shining hours went on—
 Through the fragrant air they flew—
 And no wintry shadows wan
 Veiled the skies of cloudless blue—
 Till the gleaner, Twilight, came,
 And the silver sickle hung
 Where his sheaves of golden flame
 O'er the azure fields were flung.

But within her gates of stars
 Strode, at last, the haughty Night—
 And with cloudy bolts and bars
 Closed the sunset portals bright—
 Far before her fled the day,
 Frightened, to the fading West,
 Where the wintry shadows grey
 Hid that smiling summer guest.
 But the sad Earth's wailing blast
 And her tears of tempest-rain
 Long shall mourn the sprite that cast
 Summer's spell o'er Winter's pain.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE. (Marie.)

YO NO ME QUIERO CASAR.*

From "Overland" April, 1886.


 ONE sunny morn, alone I strayed
 Along the beach at Monterey.
 With brown bare hands, a Spanish maid
 Was picking sea-moss from the spray,
 And as she toiled, her clear voice ringing,
 Woke the sweet echoes near and far
 A rich soprano, gaily singing,
"Yo no me quiero casar."

Her audience, the waves and skies,
 The long-necked pelicans in white,
 And gray sea-gulls with watchful eyes,
 And tawny sands with spray-drops bright,
 A pair of linnets lightly winging
 Their way towards her from afar,
 And flying low to hear her singing,
"Yo no me quiero casar."

Her nut-brown hair in clusters fell
 About her slender swan-like neck,
 In her dark eyes there lurked a spell.
 Her lovely face had just a speck
 Of sun and tan, through warm tints springing
 Her beauty shone like some fair star.
 I breathless stood, while she kept singing
"Yo no me quiero casar."

A Raphael face on far-off walls,
 Has the dark depths of her soft eyes;
 The same strange light upon her falls
 Where she stands framed against the skies.
 Where ever softly chimes the ringing
 Of Mission bells in note or bar,
 As if they knew the wondrous singing,
"Yo no me quiero casar."

O, Spanish maid with small brown hands,
 Spreading sea-tangle's dainty lace!
 'Tis years since I have paced the sands,
 Or seen the light on thy young face.
 Yet oft will come old memories, bringing
 The beach, sand-dune and drift-wood spar;
 You, framed against the blue sky, singing
"Yo no me quiero casar."

AGNES M. MANNING.



* "I don't wish to Marry." A popular song amongst the native Californians.





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